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The Reichstag Trial

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THE week has been marked by a menacing increase in the frontier activities of the Nazis. Every country bordering Germany is now in a state of exasperation or terror. Propaganda broadcasting from Munich, which has continued against the Austrian Government in spite of the protests of the Powers and the friendly intervention of Mussolini, looks almost trivial in comparison with the Nazi raid on the gaol in Innsbruck, the kidnapping of a Czech subject in Switzerland, followed by a protest from the Swiss to the German Government, the discovery in Belgium of a propaganda system organised by Nazi agents with faked passports, and of an espionage and propaganda system in Jutland of so dangerous a character that prominent Danes, at an all-party meeting reported in the *Times*, were driven to express their conviction that the Hitler Government intended sooner or later to reconquer by force the territory which Bismarck made war upon Denmark to obtain in 1864. It is not surprising that they spoke of "a feeling of 1914 in the air."

An Austrian Militia

The new phase of the Austrian question that emerges this week surpasses in its intrinsic importance the broadcasting quarrel with Germany. Austria has now been permitted by the signatories of the Treaty of St. Germain to add a conscript militia to her professional army. This announcement has been made by Herr Vaugoin, her Minister of Defence, who described it as the first step towards the reintroduction of conscription. Half-yearly contingents, numbering 8,000 to 10,000 men, will be raised. These will be drawn, mainly if not exclusively, from the Heimwehr, the private army of the "Christian Socials," a force, that is to say, as partisan and as Fascist as the Nazi Storm-troops. If the Powers realised this feature of the scheme, they have consciously stabbed Austrian democracy in the back as she lay prostrate but still breathing. The other inevitable comment, which the Germans have promptly made, is that if the Powers have released one of the vanquished States from the military fetters of the Treaty, they can hardly continue to impose them on Germany. As to that, two remarks are relevant. First, Austria has never enlisted for her standing army the total number of men allowed to her by the Treaty. Secondly, if she is now permitted to enlarge her military forces, it is because she must defend her frontier against German threats. The Nazis are still actively recruiting in Austria a legion of Nazi youths, whom they arm and train, nominally as a Labour battalion, in one of their Bavarian camps. Dr. Dollfuss is not unduly suspicious if he inquires whether this contingent is destined for some species of "Jameson" Raid.

America Transformed

The transformation of American industry which Mr. Roosevelt is conducting is intended to be permanent. This he has now announced, as plainly as words could convey it, in his last public speech. The nation, he said, had been "drifting downhill," because of its adherence to "old rules" promulgated "to fit conditions of a bygone age." It had now sanctioned "drastic changes" in the methods and forms and functions of government, "without destroying the basic principles." After explaining that the immediate aim of the National Recovery Act is to raise wages and shorten hours, he thus defined its "deeper purpose":

> The people, through the Government, are extending as a permanent part of American life—and not just for one or two years—their insistence that individuals and associations of individuals shall cease to do many of the things that have been hurting their neighbours in bygone days.

In short, America has definitely passed from *laissez faire* to controlled capitalism. This will surprise no observer on this side of the Atlantic. But it may surprise Congress somewhat disagreeably. For Congress was persuaded to make the President economic dictator on the plea of a passing emergency. It granted the kind of powers that other Presidents had wielded in war-time, and then surrendered. Invited to give the Industrial Recovery Act a run of four years it actually limited it to two—which suggests a battle royal ahead for the President even if he can achieve a measure of economic success.

Recovery and the Dollar

The centre of interest in the American scene has swung back to the dollar. The battle over the codes of the basic industries is over. Hours are drastically shortened and wages slightly raised; while the struggle over the open shop ends in stalemate. Although the principle of collective bargaining is reported to have been recognised in the agreement in the coal mines, nothing has been imposed to prevent conservative industries refusing recognition to genuine Trade Unions. Not to have scored a victory here is for Labour a defeat. Further progress in recovery now depends, in the Administration's view, on an expansion of credit. Banks have been somewhat roughly admonished by General Johnson to lend more liberally to firms where costs have gone up before their receipts have appreciably swollen. The Federal Banks have suddenly tripled their expansive action, by spending upon open-market purchases of securities $35,000,000 instead of the former $10,000,000. Few believe that such measures will have the desired effect, and it is said that many of the dollars so distributed are merely used to buy the currency or securities of countries still on a gold basis.

Will America Inflate?

Speculation, in word and deed, turns now on the guess when the President will play his last card, and inflate. He is in no hurry. He says that he detects an "upward surge" in affairs, and it is to be presumed that he thinks so. Mr. Woodin, meanwhile, a stalwart opponent of inflation, has crept back to the Treasury, after a long absence in eclipse, and has announced that inflation is not even under discussion. The fact seems to be that the President expects the price level to rise much further without any manipulation of the currency. His eyes glued on the internal price-level, he is serenely indifferent to the exchange value of the dollar. Not so the Federal Reserve Banking system, for Governor Harrison is said to desire to tie the dollar to sterling, at least as a provisional experiment. To this end he accompanied Mr. Montagu Norman on his visit to the White House. Mr. Norman went, sat down with other foreign notables, male and female, took tea and departed. The dollar then will go on fluctuating in its own erratic orbit, and will not play planet to the pound. Professor Moley, meanwhile, believing that journalism, even more than government, is in need of brains, has resigned from the "Trust" and the State Department, to edit a new weekly paper.

The Second International

Dissension, hesitation, and some elaborately phrased resolutions, marked the meeting in Paris last week of the Congress of the Socialist International. The Congress, full of elderly and erudite Generals without armies, never managed to get out of the fog of the quarrel between the Right and Left wings of the French Socialist party. A strongly worded resolution on war was indeed finally agreed upon. It favoured the abolition of private arms manufacture and the permanent supervision of the arms industry by "international organs"—which is excellent as far as it goes, as the man on the burning skyscraper said when he saw the firemen's ten-foot ladder. The resolution also favours the organisation of the general strike against war, provided that the government of the country concerned has already refused arbitration and thus been internationally defined as the aggressor. Perhaps the most striking feature of the Congress was the attitude of the majority of the American delegation. Led by Professor Kruger of Chicago University, it made a vigorous protest against the widespread British and European belief that President Roosevelt's recovery programme is somehow in the interest not only of American capital but of American labour. He even described the programme as "not merely inadequate but potentially dangerous" in its movement towards Fascism and enslavement of the working class.

The Skoda Scandal

Meanwhile, as if to illustrate the need for abolishing the private manufacture of arms, the Skoda scandal in Rumania, to which we have referred from time to time in these columns, has been played out to its farcical conclusion. It will be remembered that as a result of a scare (which proved baseless) that Russian troops were massed on the Rumanian frontier, large orders for arms were given to the Czech firm of Skoda. It happened that owing to Skoda's evasion of income tax curious facts about the origin of these orders were revealed. A Rumanian general committed suicide and Siletski, Skoda's agent in Rumania, was found to have given very substantial bribes to Rumanian officials in order to obtain contracts for his firm. Much that was amusing as well as scandalous about the whole affair came out in the Rumanian Parliament, but the inquiry has in the end been efficiently stifled. Several minor characters have been exposed, the principals sheltered. In some cases we know the sums that Siletski paid: the names of the officials who received them are still hidden. Full inquiry

would not have suited the Rumanian Government any more than Skoda, and Siletski has therefore been charged with no more serious offence than that of breaking the seals which the police had placed over the safes which contained the most important documents in the case. The documents mysteriously disappeared and the seals were broken, according to Siletski, as a result of a trifling accident by which his coat caught on them as he passed, his small daughter completing the damage in play. The British press has paid little attention to this sublime scandal which is, we understand, to be fully exposed for the first time in England in the Union of Democratic Control's forthcoming pamphlet, *Patriotism, Limited.*

"Lean Harvest"

The wheat-importing countries have at long last (after three years of fence-squatting, and less than five days of Mr. Bennett's blustering tactics) enabled the world's wheat exporters to conclude a general pact for the limitation of wheat exports coupled with a truce to home production in the normally importing countries. But the pact is a trifle thin. Russia is included, with a paragraph all to herself this time; yet she only promises to confer as to the quantities she will export in the coming crop year, and undertakes nothing with regard to production. The importing countries, which are mainly in Europe, only agree not to extend cultivation beyond its present limits; but these have in the main caused the vast stocks and carry-overs at present cumbering the market. The Danubian exporters agree to limit their exports for the crop year 1933–1934 to 50,000,000 bushels with a possible extension to 54,000,000 bushels, and to a rigid 50,000,000 bushels for 1934–1935; but as their total production in the past year is up again at the average for 1927–1931 (well in advance of last year), and as in addition they exported around 80,000,000 bushels in so bad a year as 1931–1932, the prospects of a diminution in stocks by European export-limitation are not rosy. But when we look at the American and Canadian carry-overs plus old stock, which this year reached record figures, and add the fact that world consumption is still falling, the whole plan seems fantastic to a degree. To take care to *increase* stocks on all hands and hope for a rise in prices, which will then in turn permit of lowered tariffs—that seems madness without much method in it.

Peopling the Desert

Since the Australian Commonwealth let it be known that it was considering the grant of a charter to a company for the purpose of developing the almost uninhabited North of the Continent, a lively controversy has sprung up, which had a significant echo in the correspondence columns of the *Manchester Guardian*. The plan was to colonise this tropical region with white settlers. A white skin is notoriously such a handicap in this region that the Commonwealth offered a prize some years ago to any chemist who would discover a permanent browny-black stain for the European epidermis. So, at this news, suggestions came from travelling clerics and returned missionaries that more suitable colonists might be found (*a*) in Japan, or (*b*) in Southern India. These proposals were little to the liking of local opinion, but one of the Australian Chambers of Commerce most nearly concerned has now passed a remarkable resolution. It suggests Italian colonisation *en masse*. Italians, it argues, can be acclimatised where Nordics wilt, and after a generation they become average Australians in their mental outlook. The compromise is to be welcomed, for Italy, though not overpopulated in the same degree as Japan, is also for this reason a danger to peace. India, armed only with "soul-force," may be left out of the reckoning.

Mr. Shaw on the Warpath

The Political Madhouse in America and Nearer Home is the characteristic title of a new pamphlet by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw is just seventy-seven years old. At the age of seventy-five he wrote *Too True to be Good.* It had a "dying fall." It seemed to foreshadow the despairing withdrawal of Mr. Shaw from the immediate political battles of our time. As though to confirm this impression Mr. Shaw went off to Africa and wrote once again about religion, which is ultimately his favourite theme. A few months later, having incidentally won international fame as the best amateur newsreel actor so far discovered, he bobbed up in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York and made a long political speech dealing with the breakdown of American capitalism. He has now written, on the eve of his seventy-seventh birthday, an "Explanation" for English readers, inviting them "to apply everything I say of Americans in this book to themselves with the assurance that they deserve it no less, and that their day of judgment may be no further off, if so far." The Speech and the Explanation together form the new pamphlet. So far from showing any signs of senile aloofness from the facts of the immediate situation, the Explanation is largely devoted to the breakdown of the World Conference of "delegates in our Museum of Fossils, appropriately selected for their place of meeting."

A Waiting Game in Ireland

An Irish correspondent writes: Every week since General Eamon O'Duffy was made out-door publicity director by the Army Comrades Association—called in Ireland the Pensioneers and in England the Blueshirt National Guard—he has collaborated with the press in producing a week-end "sensation." Unfortunately, from the press point of view, headline type has so far been heavier than the guns. This last Beal-na-blath excursion required the most unrestrained descriptive writing up of General O'Duffy's success in evading the police to make anything of it. The truth is that in all this expectancy of mischief hope has outrun performance. There is not yet enough power in this irregular arm of Fascism to deliver a very heavy blow to the De Valera administration. The question arises, meanwhile, What has protected O'Duffy from Government action? It is not only that the De Valera Government is by nature opposed to State violence; it is not only that O'Duffy has adopted a hit-me-now-with-the-child-in-my-arms plan of staging his provocative, but unarmed, shows at cenotaphs and chapel porches—for in Ireland men have been shot before now even in graveyards and church doorways, and in Ireland it is taken for granted that O'Duffy has arms in the background. No, the ruling cause of the delay is the anxiety of the Government (and of the independent Republican groups) not only to smash the loud-speaker but to discredit the men in the closed van behind. Delay, it is hoped, will work on their impatience to betray them into overt and punishable action.

THE REICHSTAG TRIAL

UNLESS it is again postponed, the trial of the five men accused of setting fire to the Reichstag on February 27th is to take place at Leipzig on September 21st. The accused men are Herr Torgler, Reichstag leader of the Communist Party, three Bulgarians named Dimitrov, Popov and Taneff, and an ex-member of the Dutch Communist Party, Van der Lubbe. These men have been kept in the strictest confinement since their arrest: they have not been granted ordinary facilities for defence; it is now announced, by a fine stroke of irony, that the Counsel put up to defend Torgler is a lawyer named Sack, who is himself a Nazi and who defended Heines, now police chief of Breslau, when he was arrested for one of the several murders which he boasts of having committed. To expect a fair trial in the conditions of German justice to-day would be ingenuous; it is least likely of all in a case which involves the very foundations of the Nazi regime. But the Hitler Government is sensitive to international opinion, and the letters that have passed between the German authorities and Mr. Branting and M. Romain Rolland concerning documentary evidence for the trial suggest that the Nazi Government is far from easy about the impression created abroad by the circumstances of the fire and the *bona fides* of the trial.

They have good reason for uneasiness. The facts, which no one disputes, are these: On February 24th, ten days before the last German elections, when it was at least highly doubtful if Hitler would obtain the majority he needed to confirm his power, the Communist Headquarters at the Karl Liebnecht House, which had already been frequently ransacked without result, was again raided. On this occasion it was announced that evidence of a great Communist plot had been discovered, and the columns of the Conservative Press were crowded with alarmist stories. Though it was officially stated on March 1st that the contents of these documents would be revealed "in the very near future," they have not yet been published.

On the evening of February 27th the Reichstag was found in flames. The only man arrested on the spot was Van der Lubbe, who had apparently lost or set fire to his shirt (because, the wits suggested, "it was a brown one"). A most convenient incendiary, he carried in his trousers' pocket documentary evidence of his identity and a membership card of the Dutch Communist Party. Under examination he was also obliging enough to mention that leaders of the Social Democratic Party were in league with him. In spite of the fact that in election week the Nazi political leaders had speaking engagements for almost every other night, it happened that Hitler, Göring and Goebbels were all in Berlin. Hitler arrived at the fire in time to pronounce that it was "providential," and Göring at once proceeded to call out the Storm troops who had come to Berlin in large numbers during the preceding days, and to send them to arrest some 1,500 Communists, Social Democrats, scientists, Jews, pacifists and men of letters. Warrants for the arrest of these criminals appeared as if by magic, each with a photograph attached. The Opposition press was shut down, and, in the absence of free criticism, press and wireless statements that the fire was begun by Communists swept hundreds and thousands of wavering voters on to the Nazi side in the election. Only the foreign correspondents in Germany were in a position to express their doubts. They did so almost unanimously, and those foreign papers which, like THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, openly asserted their belief that this providential act was in fact the act of the Nazis were banned in Germany. The Nazi Government has been far more sensitive to references to the Reichstag fire than to any other accusation.

From the beginning we had good reason for believing in the guilt of the Nazi rulers. The original story, put forward in a number of confused and contradictory statements by Göring, was inherently improbable. In the first place the fire was the finest possible election propaganda for the Hitlerites and an admirable excuse for beginning the threatened Terror. From the Communist point of view, an act of provocation at that moment was obviously suicidal. Moreover, incendiarism is entirely contrary to the policy of Communists, who are ready enough to use the force of the organised proletariat when they think the time propitious, but who hold, as one of their strictest tenets, that individual acts of outrage, arson and murder are always bad tactics and bad Communism. The accusations against the ultra-constitutional Social Democrats was so absurd as alone to throw discredit on Van der Lubbe's confession. It has never been explained how, unless the underground passage from the house of the President of the Reichstag (then Captain Göring) was used, the very large quantity of incendiary material could have been conveyed into the usually carefully guarded building, nor how it happened that, of the ten men said to have been necessary to light the fire simultaneously in so many places, nine escaped, leaving Van der Lubbe conveniently behind with the incriminating documents. Inquiry in Holland showed that Van der Lubbe had been ejected as a spy from the Communist Party. It was surely also suspicious that the Director of the Fire Brigade, who made awkward comments on the circumstances of the fire, should have been arrested on an irrelevant charge, that Dr. Bell, who had been closely associated with prominent Nazis and who made a statement about the origin of the fire, should have been murdered by Nazis across the Austrian frontier on April 3rd, and that Dr. Oberfohren, a German Nationalist politician whose memorandum incriminating the Hitler Government was quoted in the *Manchester Guardian* on April 26th and 27th, should have been found dead in his flat on May 7th.

These facts are public property and not likely to be disputed by anyone. New allegations and evidence of a startling character are published to-day in a book entitled *The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror*. The book emanates from an international committee under the Presidency of Professor Einstein. From a judicial point of view the book has defects. It is unashamedly propagandist. It is in part a detailed record of the history of the Nazi party, of the atrocities committed by Storm troops and of the steps taken to stamp out culture in Germany, as well as to destroy the working-class movement. The fact that Göring has been a morphine addict and was for a time in an asylum in Sweden has long been known in this country. But it is interesting to find reproduced here photographs of the Stockholm Police Doctor's certificate stating that he and his wife were both unfit

to look after their child, and of Göring's registration card when he was admitted into the Langbro asylum on September 1st, 1925. But the important section of this book deals with the Reichstag trial. It marshals the evidence already known and it adds much that is new. It gives a dated and circumstantial account of Van der Lubbe's movements during the last two years and details of his relations with Nazis. It produces a sworn statement by Torgler's companion on the night of the fire, which is corroborated by two waiters in the café where they dined. If this statement is reliable, Torgler's alibi is complete. The Bulgarian, Dimitrov, has apparently also an alibi, and it is certainly a suspicious circumstance that the three Bulgarians seem only to be implicated as a result of a later confession made by Van der Lubbe after their arrest. Van der Lubbe seems to have made a number of confessions, each suitable to the needs of the occasion. On the evidence now before us it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the three Bulgarians were arrested because, as Communist refugees from Bulgaria, they are singularly helpless, and because it is thought possible to charge them, though apparently not circumstantially, with having been concerned in the Sofia Cathedral explosion of 1925.

But the evidence which will prove most interesting and convincing to the impartial mind is the quotations from the official statements made by the Nazi Government in the period immediately following the fire. One example of the confusions and self-incrimination involved in these statements should be sufficient. The last raid on the Karl Liebnecht house was on February 24th, three days before the fire. On the day after the fire the Prussian Ministry gave out that the Communist plot discovered in their search included a plan to burn the Reichstag! If this statement were true, the International Committee appear to be justified in asking why Göring, who was in control of the Prussian police, Minister of the Interior and President of the Reichstag, did not protect the Reichstag, and why he is not therefore to be considered an accessory to the crime? In point of fact it is alleged that he actually arranged for the Reichstag officials to leave the building at an unusually early hour on the day of the fire.

All these allegations need fuller and more impartial investigation, and it is therefore an excellent thing that lawyers who stand at the very head of their profession in various countries, including Mr. Branting of Sweden, and Maître Moro-Gafferi, who is perhaps the most distinguished member of the French Bar, should have agreed to examine the documents outside Germany before the trial begins. Even with their complete control over the German wireless and press, it will be difficult for the Hitler Government wholly to keep the verdict of such a body of jurists from the German people. An attempt is also being made to make use of the right which the German law permits to prisoners to employ foreign lawyers as assistant counsel for the defence, and from the reply of the German authorities to Mr. Branting, it is clear that they recognise the existence of this right. At the moment English and other foreign barristers, chosen by the families of the accused men, are seeking permission to help in the defence and are being put off with a variety of excuses. If members of all and no political parties in Europe unite in support of this demand for a fair trial and freely chosen counsel, the German Government may find it difficult to ignore it.

Let us not be deceived. There is more at stake in this trial than the lives of five men. The trial is a test case for Hitlerism. If the world outside remains inert and the German public is gulled by this monstrous story, the Nazi Government's plans which threaten us all with a new European war in the not very distant future, will be so much nearer achievement. We are all very intimately concerned with this trial. To-day we are not yet in the desperate situation of 1914 only because Germany, rapidly rearming, is not yet in a political or financial position to defy the world, or to disregard the organised force of outside opinion. Here is an opportunity to disprove the assumption on which Göring, like other gangsters, relies, that since most people are sheep, power must belong to those who lie most readily and murder most ruthlessly.

THE PRESENT CONFUSION

II.—THE LIMITS OF MONETARY REFORM

WE come, then, to our first question. Of all the many things that are amiss, which is fundamental, and comes nearest to explaining and including the others? We are not, of course, expecting to find a single, all-embracing cause; but it is not hard, I think, to find a provisional answer that goes deep enough for our purpose. It is, quite simply, that Capitalism, as it is organised to-day, is not making men rich, but keeping them artificially and absurdly poor. It is lamentably failing to use the great opportunities for the creation of wealth which the advance of science has placed at its disposal; and, even when it does seek to use them, it often turns them into curses by making them the means of futile destruction in war or, in peace, of displacing and disemploying workers for whom it provides no alternative sphere of useful service. Making the profit of a limited body of owners, and not the production and distribution of the largest amount of wealth and welfare, its direct object, it inevitably seeks scarcity and not abundance; for it is scarcity that makes things dear and profitable to their owners. But when it fails, despite all its efforts, to make things scarcer than the means of buying them, the only remedy it can think of is enforced restriction of output, in order to restore the lost blessing of dearness. It chases endlessly after its own tail in an endeavour to abolish goods faster than it abolishes the incomes of the consumers; for it is unable to grasp the fundamental truth that things cannot on the whole cost more than people are able and prepared to spend on them.

We have, then, as our root evil the sheer failure of the capitalist world to deliver the goods to the general body of consumers. But at once the question arises whether this failure is due to a fault in the monetary mechanism of Society, or to a radical wrongness inherent in the capitalist system as a whole. It is obviously tempting, especially for those who find themselves reasonably comfortable under the existing conditions, to attribute the evil to monetary causes, which look as if they could be removed without a sharp break with the existing economic order, and its complete supersession by a different system. For, even apart from motives of self-interest and fear of the unknown, most people have in them strong conservative instincts; and in addition, money, being by tradition something of a mystery, lends itself readily to mystifications and plausible jugglings with formulae guaranteed to set the world to rights.

There are, however, strong reasons for holding that, while there is plenty wrong with the existing monetary system, the evils of the present order go far too deep to be cured by any alternative method of monetary management. For, in the first place, despite the assertions of some of the monetary

reformers, there is under Capitalism no persistent shortage of purchasing power in relation either to the volume of goods on the market or to the productive power of Society. There is, on the other hand, a tendency to alternation between an excess and a deficiency of purchasing power, corresponding to the alternate expansions and contractions of bank credit. In booms credit is expanded so far as to raise prices without a balancing expansion of output, while in slumps its effective use is so curtailed as to cut off demand and cause production and employment to be seriously reduced. That this is a grave fault in the present mechanism of the monetary system is clear enough; but whence does it arise? It is due at bottom not to a purely monetary cause, but to the inherent instability of the capitalist system. Bankers cannot effectively create money unless there is a demand for it; and the business demand, under Capitalism, can arise only from the expectation of being able to use it at a profit. For the most part the bankers, in creating more or less money, are following, and not initiating, the rise and fall of profit-seeking demand from the capitalist *entrepreneurs*.

It is, of course, true that, at the present time, a deliberate attempt is being made to bring back prosperity in the United States by means of monetary reflation, and that bankers can do something, by the mere emission of additional credits, to give an impetus to business optimism and trade revival. But the events in America during the past few months sufficiently show that, if a forward movement generated by these methods is not speedily to collapse, other forces besides the emission of more money must be brought into play. Already it is realised in the United States that, unless steps are taken at once so to raise wages as to bring about an effecive expansion in consumers' demand for the products of industry, and also by extensive public works to create demand for the services of the constructional trades, reflation is bound to end in ignominious collapse.

But, some people will argue, this only shows the more that our present monetary system is on the wrong lines. For it pumps out credit only to producers, whereas what is needed is a supply of "consumers' credit." At this point we must beware of confusion—of using the word "credit" in two different senses. For the essence of producers' credits is that they are repayable loans; whereas what the advocates of consumers' credits want is that there should be additions to purchasing power carrying no obligation of repayment at a later date. Otherwise, why go beyond instalment purchase, which has been in fact used on a large scale as a method of issuing repayable consumers' credits—much to the subsequent sorrow of those who were caught in its meshes?

The issue of non-repayable credits to consumers would necessarily upset the existing relationship between costs and incomes; for it would create a supply of purchasing power that would in no way enter into costs. If there were in fact a permanent deficiency of purchasing power under the existing system, this would be all to the good. But there is not: there is an alternation of deficiency and excess. If fresh purchasing power not entering into cost were created in the consumers' interest, it would express itself in an additional demand for goods. But the production of these goods would involve additional costs, which would also swell purchasing power. Accordingly, the prices of goods would rise. If the policy were begun in a period of depression, this too might be an advantage; for as the increase in purchasing power would be greater than the increase in goods, it would provide an additional profit stimulus to the employer to expand production and take on more men. But this could only go on until all the available productive resources had been brought into use, and on condition of allowing prices to rise enough to bring them into use. When this had happened, the issue of consumers' credits would have to cease alogether; for to continue it would inevitably inflate prices without further increasing production.

This may appear to give the advocates of consumers' credit their case, as far as the present depression is concerned. For it does admit that this method could be used to raise consumers' demand, and to bring additional production into being. Indeed, I am sure this is the case; only I would rather use the new money, with more considerable effect, for the carrying out of useful public works which would not only mean paying out wages and salaries but also stimulate the required revival in the constructional trades. A great national housing scheme, for example, would satisfy all the conditions of soundness in the present situation.

But while I agree that a capitalist revival could be stimulated by these methods, I believe it would have in it the inescapable capitalist tendency to generate a renewed depression. For the root fault of Capitalism is that it leads, as soon as it becomes prosperous, to a self-destructive mal-distribution of income. The difficulty is not that there is not enough purchasing power to buy the available supply of goods, but that this purchasing power is wrongly distributed—too much to the rich, and too little to the general body of wage-workers. This mal-distribution results in an attempt by the capitalist recipients of income to save and invest in times of prosperity an unduly large part of the total available purchasing power. But investment is of use only if consuming power expands fast enough to buy the increased supply of goods which is produced by the enlarged capital equipment. If a large part of the new purchasing power that is created during a boom is invested, this means that it buys in the first instance capital goods and not consumers' goods, though, of course, it works round later on to create an increased demand for consumers' goods as well. As long as the upward movement continues, the desire to buy capital goods increases faster than the ability to buy the consumers' goods which they are to be used to make. As soon as this lagging behind of consuming power comes to be realised, a slump ensues; for the expectation of profit from the making of more consumers' goods disappears, and the demand for capital goods therefore falls off as well in the long run—for it depends on the demand for consumers' goods. Capitalists, instead of investing their savings, leave them idle. Many capital values are written off or down by bankruptcies and business losses; and again there is widespread unemployment and disuse of productive resources.

This endless cycle of capitalist boom and depression is often exaggerated by bad banking policy; but what lies at the root of the trouble is not the mismanagement of the monetary factors, serious as it is, but the inability of Capitalism to provide at one and the same time a sufficient profit incentive to get all the productive resources employed and a distribution of purchasing power which will enable consumers' demand to expand in due proportion to the advancing productivity of the economic system. For this reason, while it may be possible, by largely monetary means, to turn a slump into a boom, it is not possible to do this without bringing again into play the inherent capitalist tendencies which will lead on to a new slump. Or, if we cannot yet take that point as proved, let us say only that a boom which will not generate a new depression is impossible for Capitalism in the forms in which it has existed hitherto. Whether it is possible for a revised and amended Capitalism we must go on to consider next. G. D. H. COLE

(To be continued)

COLOUR SCHEMES

RETURNED from three weeks' blessed peace
(The *Times* unread, the world forgot),
I scan the files that never cease
To aggravate my hapless lot,
And straightway face, with sheer despair,
The problem what to wear.

"Blue Shirts are banned"—Now that is hard
On peaceful folk, who'd fain avoid
All costumes referenced, or barred,
In lands where people, when annoyed,
Array themselves for civil fight
Dressed by the Left or Right.

Tories grow mad when they " see Red,"
And those who hold progressive creeds
Can hardly take to Brown instead ;
Black Shirts too oft connote black deeds,
And even Hitler will not say
A good word for field-grey.

What's more, an injudicious blend
May strain Imperial bonds, it seems ;
And persons fearful to offend
Will note that all Australia deems
The colours of the Harlequin
A livery of sin.

In this one favoured land, 'tis true,
" Gents' fancy shirtings " do not bear
Such deep significance of hue ;
But fashions spread—best, then, to wear
The White Shirt of a blameless life
To shield oneself from strife.

MACFLECKNOE

A REAL PEACE MOVEMENT

THOSE of us who talk about the collapse of our industrial organisation nearly always end our lamentations with a complacent reference to the blindness and incapacity of the " authorities "—economic or political. The truth is that the problem to be solved is primarily a psychologic and ethical one. So long as the hitherto habitual mode of thought persists, and the hitherto generally accepted scale of values prevails, all the King's taxes and all the King's men cannot possibly set humanity again securely on its feet. Whilst work is regarded as mere drudgery—as a thing worth doing only for the money wages it brings—and whilst the value of effort and activity is calculated only in material units, there will inevitably be no health in us. But the rot has spread even farther than this. Modern man is the only animal that has succeeded in making of leisure a curse—even more accursed than work itself. A philosophy of cynical pessimism prevails.

As everybody knows, there are in England at the present moment hundreds of thousands of healthy young men in their late teens or early twenties who, through the breakdown in our industrial mechanism, have no particular attachment to life beyond that provided by the inherent instinct to exist as long as they can. From the resources open to primitive man they are cut off by the circumstances of our civilisation ; from cultural developments they are equally cut off by economic barriers. Their days are for the most part purposeless, and both physical and psychic degeneration is, naturally enough, widespread among them. Many of us believe that all this could have been prevented, and that much of it could be quickly remedied, by wise and energetic political action. But the months and years pass by, and no preventive or curative steps are taken. The question must often have arisen as to whether we, as individuals, can do nothing meanwhile to alleviate, in however small degree and within however small a range, the symptoms of this social malady. Here and there a few enthusiasts, confronted with this question, have felt unable to stand aside impassive, and have boldly rendered such first-aid treatment as lay within their power and knowledge. It is one of these therapeutic experiments that I wish to describe. In the spring of last year, a group of enthusiasts founded a self-governing camp-community where young unemployed men of all classes have an opportunity of leading a full, active and healthy life in an out-of-door environment, acquiring at the same time dexterity and self-confidence, and developing their capacity for self-expression through self-maintenance and " non-economic " social service.

Let me try to explain the aims of this so-called Grith Fyrd movement. Readers should not be prejudiced by the unfortunate title, savouring as it does of " Ye Olde " and all that such " quaint " terms suggest. This homespun name is especially unfortunate in connection with a sane, practical, and modern scheme, with serious aims in view.

The other day I visited the first Grith Fyrd camp, in the New Forest, near Fordingbridge, in Hampshire. There I found some thirty splendidly brown-skinned young men, sensibly dressed in nothing much, obviously enjoying vigorous animal health, and manifesting, by movement and expression, mental and physical alertness and eagerness. Nearly every one of them is in receipt of full or transitional unemployment benefit. A few, not so circumstanced, have joined the camp because the life and the ideals attract them. These contribute to the camp funds a pound a week ; whilst the others hand over the sums they receive when they report each week at the Fordingbridge Labour Exchange. Nearly all are townsmen. The average contribution works out at about twelve and sixpence a week. It is found that a further sum of five or six shillings each is needed to meet the camp's current expenses, including food and periodic railway fares home. Each member gets two shillings a week pocket money.

Through lack of means the camp is furnished with but few tools, and with practically no machinery ; but the men—although previously quite unused to such work—have built adequate sleeping houses, worksheds, bunks, and a good deal of rough furniture. Their buildings are thatched with heather, with which acres of land in the neighbourhood are clothed. The timber used is nearly all from trees that the men have themselves felled and fashioned. I discovered that, unassisted or unhindered by didactic moralisings, these young men have already learnt, almost unconsciously, that constructive work is pleasurable, that the pleasure is unrelated to wages, and that there is in communal enterprise a joy which individual, self-regarding competition can rarely yield. They have learnt, further, that the health of the mind and that of the body are intimately associated ; so that material things have acquired for them new meaning. In fact, these men and youths have, in a very few months, come to feel like live animals, instead of like insignificant parts of a great machine. The enterprise has thus already done something to make good certain obvious defects in our national system of education ; for second-hand knowledge is a very different thing from that profounder knowledge which results from self-expression and from direct dealing with circumstance. The members of this open-air university have learned for themselves that one's true assets are measured, in the only currency that matters, by what one gives or expresses, not by what one, sponge-like, sucks in.

Take the thing at its lowest. Young men for whom at present no place can be found in the conventional industrial organisation, who would, otherwise, have nothing to do but to walk the streets of one of our great cities, hanging about outside the Employment Exchange smoking a fag, or putting in a couple of hours at the pictures when a few pence could be scraped together, lessening daily in personal pride, in initiative, in confidence, and in physical and mental health generally, are placed in an environment which inevitably gives health of body, and affords opportunity for, and natural encouragement to, ingenuity, pleasurable effort, camaraderie, and faith. So far, there is only one of these camps ; but there ought to be one or more within reach of every industrial city in the country. The money cost is trivial ; the conservation of human material is great beyond valuation.

There must, all over England, be people able and anxious to do something towards reducing the demoralising stagnation which is ruining the morale and the health of tens of thousands of the young men who in the ordinary course of events will be the responsible Englishmen of to-morrow. These well-wishers do little or nothing to relieve the situation, because they see no way of utilising the sacrifices they are prepared to make. Either they shrug their shoulders, or they ease their consciences by " philanthropic " acts which yield but evanescent results. To all such people I can give no better advice than actively

to co-operate with the Grith Fyrd movement, which already has something real to show—and, with a little financial assistance, would soon be able to show results out of all proportion greater. There are men and women who could write a cheque for a thousand pounds without noticing the difference in their bank balance. There are thousands of others who could contribute five pounds or a guinea with equally trivial inconvenience. The experiment has been tested and its possibilities proved. The necessary skill and ability are available; it is lack of funds, and lack of funds alone, that is holding things up. The organisers have no faddy notions, mediaeval or other; any suggestion of amateurism in the scheme that has so far materialised is accounted for by financial necessity, not by faulty theory. Some who cannot contribute money may be able to contribute tools, timber, clothing, or the materials of which clothing may be made. The appeal is not to charity, but to patriotism and good-fellowship. The organising secretary of the Grith Fyrd movement is Mr. Guy Keeling, 2 Ruskin Close, N.W.11. The London office of the organisation is at Toynbee Hall.

HARRY ROBERTS

STREET CORNER

ON Monday evening after dinner I set off to see a film in a southern suburb of London. Noticing a crowd of my fellow-creatures, however, who were standing in a circle and listening to a young man with a hammer-and-tongs voice, I paused, and I had not listened to twenty words when I knew that there would be no cinema for me that night. The orator was standing on his platform with his back to a street-lamp, so that his face was in shadow; but, even though one got only a vague impression of a brown forelock and a moustache, one could not doubt that the face was that of a man who was thoroughly enjoying himself and showing it. He was letting God have it, as it were, with both fists, and challenging the entire hosts of Heaven with their long train of crimes and superstitions. When I joined the crowd he was concentrating with relish on miracles and exposing the folly of those who prayed for rain or good weather. To illustrate his theme, he told how one Sunday morning he held an atheist meeting in the open air at which not a drop of rain fell. "That was a miracle," cried one of the crowd. "Wait a minute," pleaded the orator, holding up his arm. "The funny thing was, on my way home I was passing a Roman Catholic church where there was some kind of religious procession with Cardinal Vaughan or Bourne, or whatever you call him, at the head of it. I stopped to look on. I always like watching religious processions. Well, believe me or believe me not, no sooner did the Cardinal come out on the Church steps than it began to rain." He paused to laugh. "Wot do you think the Cardinal did then? Did he pray for the rain to stop? Did he ask God for a miracle? Not him. Two priests following behind him opened a big umbrella and held it over his head on the way to his carriage with the rain pouring down on them and drenching them to the skin. What was the need of this if the Bible is true? Why have an umbrella if you can have a miracle? Don't Christians believe in the God of Elijah who handed out weather according as you prayed for it? Elijah seems to me to have been a better Christian than the people who believe in him to-day. I like the way he treated the prophets of Bile. He challenged them to bring down fire from Heaven, and when they couldn't do it Elijah got a bit sarcky and asked them where was their God. 'Peradventure, he sleepeth,' he said, 'and must be awakened.' Then, when the prophets of Bile showed they were no good at miracles, Elijah said 'Take them away, and crack them over the coconut' just as the priests of the Christian religion would crack freethinkers over the coconut to-day if they could."

An irate man on the edge of the crowd shouted out: "How much do you get a week for talking like this?" "Five pounds," replied the freethinker, sarcastically. "You're not worth it," said the Christian. "Look here," said the freethinker, "there's a pub over there; go and have one, if you haven't had one too many already." Then followed an interchange of insults, some people crying, "Shut up," and the Christian muttering "Swine!" till the speaker announced that it was now time for questions and a collection.

The first question came from a dark, keen-faced, lean-faced young man in a bowler hat. "Mr. Speaker," he asked, "from a materialist point of view, can you tell me this: When a man dies, what's missing?" The freethinker touched his forelock for inspiration. "Modern science," he replied, slowly, "has established the fact that nothing that exists can ever be destroyed. Therefore, the answer is 'Nothing's missing.'" "But surely," protested the questioner, "if ever you've seen a dead man you've noticed that he's not the same as a living one. What, I ask you, is missing?" "And I answer," replied the speaker, "that, from the point of view of science, nothing's missing." "But what's happened to him?" "He's dead," shouted a member of the audience. The speaker smiled cheerfully. "Yes, he's dead," he agreed. "Why does a dead man's beard go on growing?" a ribald onlooker called out. "What about his toe-nails?" asked another. And amid a pandemonium of interruption the young man in the bowler kept crying: "You haven't answered my question." A Jewish lady behind him said: "He has answered it." Thereupon a long argument ensued at the end of which the young man said: "And, madam, if I may say so with the greatest respect, it was your race that gave us the founder of our religion." "But we didn't believe in Him," said the Jewess. "No, madam," said the young man, "you crucified Him."

By this time an Irish voice was putting another question. "How many men has science killed before, during, and since the war?" "I don't understand," said the speaker. The Irishman repeated his question. After a pause, the freethinker replied, with slow deliberation: "Science as science never killed anybody. Science, however, was prostituted to the service of Christian governments backed up by the Christian churches, and in the name of God millions of men have been done to death by scientific means. The history of Christianity has been a history of murders, rape and massacres, with the priests on both sides blessing them. Look at the Great War, when every church was turned into a recruiting office." Babel broke out again, till another spectator put another question: "What did God say about the man who said that there was no God." "God never said anything about him," said the freethinker, "but King David called him a fool." And he went on to point out that in the habit of calling names King David behaved with the typical discourtesy of Christians towards their opponents. "But, sir," exclaimed an interrupter, "don't you know that Hebrew scholars have discovered that the word translated 'fool' means only 'an ungodly person' in the original Hebrew." "The men who originally translated the Bible," replied the freethinker, "were good Hebrew scholars, and they wrote 'fool.' And speaking for myself, I believe that, when King David said 'fool,' he meant 'fool.' I don't like these Revised Versions with their twistings and alterations, that are all meant to soften things down and make people believe that religion in the past wasn't so savage as we all know it was. The world is getting civilised. Human beings can't be doped so easily to-day with the chains—the clouds—of superstition, so Christians are now trying to civilise even the Bible. It won't do."

At this point, a friend brought out a pint tumbler of beer from a neighbouring public house and handed it to the speaker. The liquor shone in the lamplight as he held it up and looked at it. Then he put it to his mouth and drank it at a draught. As he gave the glass back, he said, with a smile of supreme satisfaction: "No Christian could drink a pint like that." He was then asked what freethinkers had ever done for humanity, and he gave as an example the story of how a number of unbelievers subscribed to rescue from an asylum a perfectly sane but recalcitrant priest whom the Church had

had certified for its own purposes. "Where was that?" someone asked. "Montreal," he replied. Someone else shouted: "Where?" "Montreal," he said. Then a third voice from the outskirts of the crowd asked: "Where, did you say?" "You blasted idiot, Montreal," roared the exasperated freethinker — which brought down the house.

An elderly man and a youth followed with a few questions about the First Cause. They appealed to him as a man of science to admit that there could be no effect without a cause, asked him whether the hen or the egg came first, and, if it was the hen, who made the hen. He looked at them contemptuously as they baited him. "I'm only a self-educated workingman," he declared, "and I can't be expected to know as much as a semi-educated member of the Tooting bourgeoisie. But, if you ask me. . . ." "I do ask you," said the young man; "and, if you tell me who made the first hen, I'll tell you who laid the first egg." There were loud shouts from the crowd: "Who made the hen?" "Who laid the egg?" "Yes," persisted the young man, "who laid the egg?" "Mother," guffawed an elderly reprobate. "God laid the egg," declared the freethinker with a broad grin.

As the meeting was becoming farcical, and as the hour was growing late, he said it was now time to bring the proceedings to a close. "I thank you all for your considerate hearing," he observed in a few valedictory sentences. "Those of you who have behaved like Christians—well, you don't know any better. I hope you will all be here next Monday evening, Christians and all. Remember, we're here to answer questions. Let our opponents come and talk it out freely. I'm open to accept the challenge of the greatest leaders of the Christian churches, from Father McNabb to the Pope of Rome, to debate the claims of religion and freethought at this corner."

The question that is now agitating the suburb is: Will the Pope accept? Y. Y.

A LONDON DIARY

As these lines are being written the most discussed, and the most tragic, of Foreign Ministers lies gravely ill. Viscount Grey of Fallodon was born a member of the ruling caste of Whigs, and as he entered public life all barriers fell before him. Mr. Lloyd George reminds us, in a chapter containing as severe an estimate of a colleague as could be found in the war memoirs of any country, that the political conflict of the pre-war years made no demands upon Edward Grey. He had not to fight for his place; he was outside the democratic turmoil; it simply fell to him to guide the foreign policy of the greatest modern Power through the anarchic complexities of a Europe in which he was not really very deeply interested. And, though at the end he worked strenuously for peace, it was his doom to make, on August 3rd, 1914, the decision which brought the old England to an end and engulfed the Empire, upon no portion of which he had ever looked.

* * *

Lord Grey is the most remarkable example in his time of the superfluousness of self-advertisement. He never raised his voice, was never guilty of emphasis, and seemed to be totally unaware of the modern craft of publicity. And yet the stars fought for him. After he became Foreign Secretary the whole world waited upon his every speech. He could not make a statement upon any matter connected with international affairs without knowing that every sentence he uttered would be subjected to intense scrutiny in every capital. But he never pretended to know the world. He was bored with politics. He loved the fishing-rod and the tennis ball. And he knew no greater pleasure in life than a match with Theodore Roosevelt for the larger number of birds heard and identified in a day in the New Forest.

I do not recall any other occasion when the Governor of the Bank of England has had his beard pulled. Mr. Montagu Norman had no official mission to the United States—indeed he is not in the Cabinet's good books just now—but he took it upon himself to call on Mr. Roosevelt with the object, it is believed, of personally exploring the President's views on monetary stabilisation. Now it is notoriously essential when talking to Mr. Norman first to see that the doors are carefully locked and that no dictaphones are secreted under the table-cloth. The City is therefore chuckling over the Governor's plight when he found himself part of a conventional tea party which included an expatriated German prince and a banker whose presence there suggested that Mr. Roosevelt does not regard financial success as a test of friendship. American independence, declared at the Boston tea party, still prevails.

* * *

Reading the news from Mosul, I recall several examples of the preoccupation of the British military and aviation authorities with preparations for war in that area expressly directed towards the question of defending, if not of extending, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's holdings there. "The final exercise, and the best, of last year's training at Aldershot took the form of the attack and defence of a pipeline," writes Captain Liddell Hart in the *Daily Telegraph* of August 25th. On August 25th this year the "exercise" was repeated as a feature of the manoeuvres at Aldershot. Attacking the pipeline were: a cavalry brigade,

a motorised infantry battalion,
1st Scots Guards,
an armoured car company.

(Of the latter, Captain Liddell Hart remarks with cheery ghoulishness: "It is good to see the Territorial Army taking part in an important regular exercise.") Defending, were:

an infantry brigade,
a Tank battalion.

* * *

Captain Liddell Hart refers to "Syria" as one example of the sort of country in which the operation might be expected to be carried out in earnest, which reminds me of an article in *The Aeroplane* of April 6th, 1932, which was frankly devoted to outlining steps to be taken in a war between Great Britain and Soviet Russia over the Persian oilfields. The writer assumed that "the Persian oilfields will have to be defended by an air force stationed in Iraq," and went on to discuss "how such a force will be able to put up sufficient offence (which is the only possible form of defence) to (1) assume supremacy over the Red Air Force, and (2) hold back their advancing land forces." I am not therefore as surprised as the Special Correspondent of the *Daily Mail* seems to be when he writes from Baghdad (August 29th) that "one section of Iraq's opinion honestly believes that Great Britain is instigating the Assyrian unrest to justify continued interference here, and the Press refers repeatedly to 'the foreign finger.'"

* * *

At a recent Royal house party a well-known woman actually unpicked her embroidery of a year ago in order to have something to do and not be out of fashion.—"Marianne Mayfair" in the *Daily Telegraph*.

* * *

President Roosevelt still insists that internal problems must be solved before he will enter into any agreement abroad for currency stabilisation or tariff revision, according to information circulated here. It is indicated that the President believes that some European nations cannot remain where they are.—*Times*.

* * *

Lord Leverhulme finds train-travelling conducive to work. With Lady Leverhulme he has gone off to Scotland. In the train he beguiled the time by writing lyrics and recording a long conversation with a fairy queen of his acquaintance. In brief, this pleasant, smiling millionaire industrialist is now preparing the pantomime for his workers to act next Christmas.—*Daily Paper*.

If we cannot afford to go on paying our High Court Judges £5,000 a year, then our day is indeed done.—*Sunday Pictorial.*

* * *

The sea-water port is *one of the most unique* in existence.—Advert. (my italics).

* * *

If the incorporation of Scandinavia within the bounds of the Empire were within the range of practical politics, it would be a great step towards peaceful world settlement and a testimony to the selflessness of British foreign policy.—Letter in the *Daily Telegraph.*

* * *

The industrial negotiations have the blessing of the various British Government departments interested, and the Lancashire representatives have shown their patriotism by going out to India.—*Times.*

CRITIC

Correspondence

WAR, PACIFISM AND SADISM

SIR,—Dr. Glover makes his position admirably clear. His book, to which I should like to pay a respectful tribute, draws attention to the need for psychological research spread over periods of fifty years. This is excellent. The only fundamental and radical cure of the war danger must in the long run be to acquire such knowledge of psychology, and to apply that knowledge to education so skilfully as to make resort to violence literally unthinkable.

But Dr. Glover suggests that pending these long-term researches all attempts to diminish the likelihood of war are not only useless but a danger to the community. He is, he says, even more terrified of pacifists than of militarists. The logic of Dr. Glover's argument is that he would prefer rulers such as Hitler, Mussolini or General Araki to the policy of Mr. Henderson, Mr. Walter Citrine or Sir Stafford Cripps.

I disagree. In the first place, war is not a direct response to an unconscious complex. It is the fruit of years of material equipment and mental and moral training. Poison gas and a rain of aerial bombs are so horrible that you can get men to endure the prospect only by a vast rational and intellectualistic effort turned the wrong way. To make men ready to fight requires all the resources of education and propaganda. At this very moment children in Germany, Italy and Japan are being infected with a spirit of inflamed, bellicose and suspicious self-righteousness that is anything but natural. It is being drummed into them as a dogma that they owe blind and unquestioning obedience to their Government in all things and nothing at all to any other community, that all foreigners are inferior and unfriendly, that war is inevitable, and that no fate is so noble and glorious as to fall in fighting the enemies of their country. Statecraft on those lines will give us war in five or ten years. It will not give time for, nor will it tolerate, any such researches as Dr. Glover proposes.

In the second place, even pending Dr. Glover's researches, we have seen Germany and Italy unite, the United States formed, and this country become the centre of a Commonwealth of independent nations. War is already psychologically impossible as between the Scandinavian nations, or between the independent nations within our Commonwealth; it is well-nigh impossible between ourselves and the United States. Why should not the same process spread?

The world war led to the foundation of the League of Nations. The Nationalist reaction in this and other countries is turning from the League and back to belief in international anarchy and the inevitability of war.

Dr. Glover is apparently less frightened of the mainly rational and intellectualistic approach of our reactionaries to war than he is of the Labour Party's unpsycho-analytic efforts to diminish the risk of war by making the League a reality. Put loyalty to the League on the issue of peace, says Labour, before the duty to fight for King and Country. If you are prepared to turn against your own government if it defied the League, you will make it act always as a loyal Member of the League, and so convert the Covenant into a bulwark against war. This terrifies Dr. Glover. He says in effect that he would rather have Hitler. Why?

Personally, I agree with the Labour view. I believe that the next step to making peace secure is to recognise that we are now citizens of a world community. We must look beyond the State to the World Commonwealth by enlarging and civilising patriotism into loyalty to the League and abhorrence of international anarchy and war.

Even a World Commonwealth is not an absolute guarantee of peace. The United States had a civil war. But it would diminish the risk of war to that—infinitely less—of civil war. It would create an expectation of peace sufficiently long, and a desire for and belief in peace sufficiently general and strong, to make Dr. Glover's researches possible. It would enable us to tackle education in terms of preparation for citizenship in the World Commonwealth.

If I may say so without discourtesy, Dr. Glover appears to me (*a*) to put the cart before the horse, (*b*) to commit the common error of the specialist, which is to believe that mankind must go to the devil rather than be saved by any method but his own.

"A BELIEVER IN WORLD UNION"

SIR,—No doubt Dr. Glover is doing a service to Pacifism by conducting an inquiry into the nature of human instincts, but would it not be advisable to sound a note of warning that such a course of investigation may sublimate pacifist enthusiasm from practical, immediate issues?

On the other hand, "War, Sadism and Pacifism" should serve to suggest psycho-analytical studies that are less abstract in their aims. Perhaps someone will analyse the primitive instincts of conscription enthusiasts who hold vested interests in armaments. This might explain (*a*) whether their views are due to financial considerations, or (*b*) whether the nature of their investments is dependent upon their views. An analysis of the patriotic instincts of those who supply potential enemies with shells and guns also would be instructive. It would be interesting to know all about the subconscious reasoning of statesmen about to plunge their country into war. Assuming they are aware that war is a useful strategy for maintaining class privilege—a consideration in which they are not entirely disinterested—what subversive subconscious processes are liable to interfere with a pure conception of national honour?

These are things the pacifist would like to know.

25 Leith Mansions, R. W. STURGESS
Elgin Avenue, W.9.

THE CONDITION OF RUSSIA

SIR,—The letter in your issue of August 12th from Sir John and Lady Maynard answers a question that I often put to myself when I was in Russia. Would the Soviet Government, I used to wonder, be able still to arrange for sympathetic persons to travel over the country without their noticing, and being appalled by, the famine and privation and despair and disease that are everywhere in evidence there?

Sir John and Lady Maynard's account of conditions in Russia is inaccurate and misleading—inaccurate in the sense that many of its details are definitely false; misleading in the sense that its manner of balancing one thing against another is calculated to minimise the significance of even the admissions they are forced to make. The latter is a characteristic feature of every sort of pro-Soviet propaganda, whether it comes from returned Intourists, or from interested or intimidated journalists, or from official sources.

Thus Sir John and Lady Maynard let fall that "those who describe a large part of the area known as the North Caucasus as suffering from famine conditions are not, we think, exaggerating. . . . There is serious shortage of food in Odessa and Kiev and generally in South Russia"; but bury this admission—a very grave admission—amongst a mass of mostly nonsensical and always irrelevant material about crèches and revolving stages and belt-tightening.

In this way the reader is made to feel, "Famine in the North Caucasus; food shortage in Kiev, Odessa, South Russia generally—Only that!" and proceeds to solace himself with the thought that "it is exceptional to see the urban worker and his dependents looking otherwise than well-fed and well-clothed," quite forgetting that South Russia contains a large number of urban workers, and that Kiev and Odessa are populated with urban workers, and with the thought that "there is no parsimony over the care . . . of children," quite forgetting that a large number of Russian children happen to live in Kiev, Odessa and South Russia generally.

As a matter of fact, the famine in Russia extends over far more than the south. Few parts of the country except Moscow—and that not wholly—are immune from it. And from what I saw of the preparations for this year's harvest, and of the condition of the soil, and of the lack of horses and livestock everywhere; and

from the measures taken by the Government to increase the productivity of agriculture; and—most important of all—from the opinion of foreign experts, mostly German, who have studied and in some cases have practical experience of Russian farming before and after the Revolution, I do not anticipate any improvement in the food situation in the immediate future. Rather the reverse.

With regard to actual misstatements in Sir John and Lady Maynard's letter:

(a) Unless your correspondents take a very low estimate of what constitutes "necessities," it is quite untrue to say that an urban worker's ration card ensures him them. Moscow workers—admittedly the most favoured—get on their ration cards an adequate amount of bread; an inadequate amount of sugar, soap and tea; an occasional supply of dried herring or other preserved food; no butter or meat or vegetables; very inferior and very irregular supplies of clothing. Bread is the only absolute certainty. Without a ration card—and in Moscow alone between three-quarters of a million and a million workers were recently deprived of ration cards—he has no source of supply except the open market whose prodigious prices your correspondents admit. A decree last autumn abolished the "closed co-operatives" and put food distribution in the hands of factory managements with instructions to use it, in the rawest capitalist sense, to ginger up production.

(b) The rouble is now worth more than three hundred to the pound, both according to the so-called "black" exchange and according to the relation between open market prices and Torgsin prices—a relationship which, in actual practice, fixes its exchange value. "Allowing twopence" is thus absurd.

(c) Collectivisation was carried out, not, indeed, by police, but by armed Communists whose methods, for brutality, could give points to Hitler's Storm Detachments. Even so, they were not made of stern enough stuff for the Kremlin, and have now been superseded by "political departments" that are chiefly manned by the military and G.P.U.

(d) The Government's share of the crops is calculated, not "as a fraction of the actual produce," but as a fraction of the estimated produce—a very significant difference in view of the fact that the official estimates are fantastically sanguine.

(e) By the terms of a series of recent decrees the personnel of all Government departments and State enterprises has been, and is to be, ruthlessly reduced. Employees discharged run to several millions and are unemployed. They have been deprived of ration cards and refused passports—that is, expelled from the larger towns and forced to move to a famished countryside.

(f) A number of emigrant Russians do return to the Soviet Union. Of the returned emigrants whom I met, leaving aside a few highly placed and therefore comfortably off Communist officials, all regretted having come to Russia, particularly having taken Soviet nationality which prevented them from getting out.

As for the lack of boredom amongst Russian youth—how nauseating the word "youth" has become!—I can only say that for my own part I found something much worse than boredom; I found despair, hopelessness, cynicism so complete that it was almost animal; the most fearful mood I have ever found, or imagined to be possible, amongst human beings.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

P.S.—Obviously the Soviet Government does not take so rosy a view of conditions in Russia as your correspondents, since it has forbidden foreign journalists to travel over the country without a special permit.

[We have shown the above letter to Sir John and Lady Maynard, who reply as follows.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

In our controversy with your correspondent, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, we must leave to your readers to determine which side is endeavouring to give a balanced statement of facts. After lodging a *caveat* against his attempt to place us in the position of advocates for the Soviet Government by describing our unfavourable comments as "admissions," we shall, therefore, confine our reply as far as possible to matters of fact, and to what your correspondent calls our "actual misstatements," lettering our subparagraphs to correspond with the lettering of Mr. Muggeridge.

But may we, in the first place, point out that the keyword of our criticism of Russian conditions was *unevenness*? We found both good and bad, worse and better, and we endeavoured to make it clear that the treatment of the urban worker and his dependents, and of the children and the sick are among the good things. This is as true in Southern Russia, including Kiev and Odessa, as elsewhere, for the simple reason that food shortage is not allowed to have its full effect upon those whom the Government considers particularly important to cherish and protect.

We come now to the "actual misstatements": (*a*) Mr. Muggeridge must forgive us if we point out that he has confused together two different things: the factory meal and the closed co-operative. There has been no abolition of the closed co-operative, and it is the main source of almost all supplies outside of what we described as the "necessities," mainly bread, though in some areas some other commodities also. The decree to which your correspondent refers is one which placed the factory meals under the control of the factory manager (instead of under the factory committee).

(*b*) It is very difficult to say what the internal value of the rouble is. Indeed, it varies according to the status of the purchaser of commodities and according to the source from which he is buying. A recent traveller in the U.S.S.R. has left on record his own acquisition of "black" roubles at eighty to the £. Our own calculation, based upon observed prices, was that the rouble was worth about twopence. But the lower the value of the rouble, the less startling the level of open market prices.

(*c*) We can believe that the Communists who carried out collectivisation among the Kuban Cossacks in the North Caucasus were armed. But your correspondent's statement on this matter is, as a general one, too sweeping. We never saw a Communist dealing with the collectivisation of a village. But we saw (from a secure nook where our presence could hardly have been suspected) a Communist dealing with speculators who had brought sacks of food from the cheaper villages to sell in the dearer; and he, at all events, was a conscientious young man, with a very big jaw, who did nothing brutal, unless a little shoving and hustling, and a good deal of scolding, merit that epithet. A description of the activities of the political Committees, not so lurid as your correspondent's, will be found on page 113 of Maurice Hindus' *Great Offensive*. He begins by blaming the Commissariat of Agriculture for its crass ineptitude in dealing with the peasant, and then points out that the task of the political committees at the Tractor Stations is "to encourage the peasant to bring out of the land, with the aid of science and the machine, all that it can yield."

(*d*) Mr. Muggeridge contradicts our statement that the Government's share of the produce is calculated as a fraction of the actual produce, and says that it is a fraction of the estimated produce. If we may borrow the language of Marxism, these are not contradictories, but opposites, capable of being resolved into a higher synthesis. Picture the process of the actual collection of that fraction! The theory is, as we said, that Government gets a fraction of the crop reaped. The collecting agency gets what it can, *with an estimate to help it*, after a process which can only be imagined by those who have watched an oriental bargain. Your readers must not suppose that the grain is all stored in a barn, with an unimpeachable weighing machine ready to settle the respective shares.

(*e*) In itself an obviously necessary measure, the dismissal of surplus hands seems to have been carried out with that injudicious and ruthless suddenness which is so frequently characteristic of Soviet administration. We have good authority in Mr. A. J. Cummings, reporter of the Moscow trial, for saying that the passport system has proved impossible of enforcement in Moscow owing to the large numbers concerned. As to unemployment caused by the dismissals, the risk of it was sufficient to cause the Government to re-introduce Labour Exchanges in January last; but the enormous demands for man power from all quarters make it certain that the matter is one of adjustment only.

(*f*) We think that Mr. Muggeridge was unfortunate in his experiences with returning emigrants, and still more unfortunate in the young people whom he met. By excluding foreign journalists the Russian Government has laid itself open to the suspicions which your correspondent implies. We think that the object was to conceal, not the quality of the harvest, but the nature of the measures taken to secure the Government's share.

18 Gilston Road, JOHN MAYNARD
London, S.W.10. ALFREDA MAYNARD

ROADS FOR PEDESTRIANS

SIR,—I am writing this letter not as a motorist who has accounted for his quota of pedestrians, but as one of the many walkers whom B.A. thinks stand in need of protection. His scheme for the construction of footpaths on either side—not, mark you, just on one side—of the thousands of miles of road, together with escalator-transporters, is an idea which, if put into execution, would be an infamous waste of public money.

The percentage of accidents which occur away from the cities is practically negligible when compared with those that occur in

the city. When I have motored along any of the main roads the absence of the pedestrian has been most noticeable, due to the fact that public motor transport between one place and another has now reached such a pitch that there is absolutely no need for any "business" walking to be done. I use the word "business" walking advisedly, for that is the only reason why footpaths for pedestrians should be constructed. People do not walk for pleasure on roads bespattered with high-speed traffic, they quite naturally choose the byways of the country, and I don't think that even B.A. would suggest that every lane and cart-track should be constructed fit for a pedestrian to walk in safety, apart from the rancour which may be aroused in the heart of some simple bull!

The accidents which do occur to pedestrians on the main roads are usually caused by swerving or skidding, and a fence or a hedge would not afford a great deal of protection from the high-speed vehicles which would come to be produced to use these speed-tracks. His case for the protection of the pedestrians in cities is a little more reasonable, for there many accidents occur to pedestrians through trespassing on the preserves of motorists, but even in the cities this scheme would be impracticable, just looked at from a financial point of view. How many escalator-transporters, for example, would London require?

I am afraid that we will have to look after ourselves if we do not wish to come to a "sticky" end, and therefore let us pray hard that it will not be long before traffic on Mother Earth will have come to be regarded as an anachronism, similar to ourselves in this present age. KENNETH R. FERGIE

14 Gwydrin Rd., Calderstones,
Liverpool, 18.

GERMAN REFUGEES

SIR,—You were good enough recently to publish a letter from this Committee, and we are, therefore, emboldened to ask a similar favour in respect of two specific cases of need. Hospitality is required for some few months in London for two German students: one, a boy of seventeen who is studying for Matriculation; the other, a young man student of dramatic art, who is willing to give German lessons in exchange for such hospitality.

In addition to these two cases, other refugees who have come to us are in need of accommodation at specially reduced rates of payment.

We are, Sir, on behalf of the German Refugees Hospitality Committee, MARGARET GOLDSMITH
German Refugees TREVOR BLEWITT
Hospitality Committee, B. N. LANGDON-DAVIES
28-30 Little Russell St., W.C.1.

NOT A REPRESENTATIVE

SIR,—Members of the International Consultative Group on Disarmament have called attention to an inaccuracy in an article in your issue of July 15th, entitled "Pacifists on the Warpath," which refers to Mr. Wolfgang Schwarz as "the representative of the German Government on the International Consultative Group for Disarmament at Geneva." No member of the Group, which is an informal body, takes part in its meetings as the representative of a government, and none would be accepted in such a capacity. In their exchanges of views, the members do not even act officially as representatives of organisations, much less of governments. Mr. Schwarz has attended the meetings of the Group as a member of the German League of Nations Union, now the German Society for League of Nations Studies, resident in Geneva.

We shall appreciate it greatly if you will be so good as to correct so far as possible the wrong impression which has inadvertently been created. MALCOLM W. DAVIS,
Geneva Research Center, Chairman
3 Rue Butini, Geneva, Switzerland.

MONEY-LENDING

SIR,—May I draw attention to an inaccurate statement of the law in the article "On Moneylenders."

Your contributor states that any interest in excess of 48 per cent. is illegal and the debt cannot be recovered. This is not so. There is no fixed limit to the rate of interest that may be charged. Relief may be obtained if the Court can be satisfied that the interest is "excessive" and the transaction "harsh and unconscionable." In such a case the Court may reopen the transaction and relieve the borrower from paying anything in excess of the interest which it considers to be reasonable. Interest at a rate in excess of 48 per cent. may well be reasonable, and interest at a lower rate excessive.

The only significance of this figure is that when interest in excess of 48 per cent. has been charged and the borrower seeks relief from the Court, the rate is presumed to be excessive unless the moneylender can show that in the circumstances it was not so. If interest has been charged at the rate of 48 per cent. or less, the borrower must show that the rate was "excessive" and the transaction "harsh and unconscionable."

11 Adamson Road, N.W.3. H. W. HIGGINSON

[We are informed by a legal authority that 48 per cent. is held to be the maximum rate of interest on short notice loans but a higher rate of interest may in certain circumstances be accepted by the Courts as reasonable in longer period loans.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

ALL SOULS' NIGHT

SIR,—On what grounds do Mr. J. Eric Thompson and your reviewer assume that the All Souls' Night picnics in Mexican cemeteries are a prolongation of an Aztec tradition? They may be right, but in that case it is curious that the same custom exists in Spain. Last All Souls' Eve I spent some merry hours in one of the large cemeteries on the outskirts of Madrid. Each mausoleum was thrown open and brilliantly lighted, each grave had its rows of flaming candles, and family parties were gathered with ample provisions of food and wine. People went from grave to grave, from niche to niche of the pigeon-hole walls, paying their respects both to the deceased and to the surviving relatives and descendants. At the gate of each mausoleum stood a dignified lady, receiving the compliments of her friends and often surrounded by three generations of the bereaved. There was much laughter and gaiety, much scampering and squabbling of children, and the hundreds of flickering candles, the dripping of candle-grease in a high wind, the fresh wreaths and bouquets of brightly coloured chrysanthemums piled on the tombs or strewn beneath the niches, the shouting, pushing and scrambling of the crowds at the one gate of the cemetery, the cries of alarm from mothers whose babies and small children were in danger of being crushed by the mob, and the activity of the police, who prodded the picnic-baskets to make sure that no more than a reasonable amount of wine was being taken in by any one party, made a delightful scene of colour and uproar and family gaiety. It was one of the jolliest picnics I have seen in any country; a little saddened, for me, by the fact that I had no family tomb of my own to honour, but I made up for that by buying chrysanthemums for some of the poorest visitors and receiving cordial invitations to visit the graves of their relatives. No doubt there is something of savagery in this All Souls' Eve custom, and a relic of superstition in the notion that the dead must be placated by a yearly remembrance; as certainly, in the old days, this picnic was often a disgraceful orgy. But to-day, when it is rigidly controlled by the police, one can see a charm in this friendly and homely celebration; a celebration entirely without tears or gravity, so that it seems as though the dead were remembered as they were in life, and never as something strange and supernatural. WILMA GREGORY

P.S.—Is there not a similar rite in Brittany, though I think I have heard that there victuals are provided for the dead and not for the living? Possibly they were originally intended for the dead, in all countries.

Miscellany

ENGATO THE HUNTER

I WOKE suddenly one night, conscious of some unusual movement. The moonlight was streaming through the holes in the mud walls of my house that stood for windows, and there were few shadows that could harbour an intruder. My dogs were growling from under my bed, as if they too felt some disturbing influence: but it was not the full-throated bark they used to give as a signal of danger: it was rather an irritated grumble, half growl, half whimper, at being rudely awakened from sleep. I wondered whether it was worth getting outside my mosquito-net, and had almost determined to ignore the matter when my ears caught an unusual scraping noise, an almost imperceptible "swish" as of a broom very lightly used, apparently just outside the window. The dogs

heard it too, and came out into the middle of the room, but curiously stopped their growling, now that they were satisfied that something was there, and stood silently in the moonlight pointing in the direction of the noise. This required investigation, as it might have been a python whose movements would produce just that scraping effect, and I did not want my dogs to rush out and commit suicide. I was surprised not to see Engato with the dogs and still more surprised to find that he was not in the room at all. It was he, then, who had first aroused the dogs, for Engato, when a cub, was rather clumsy and thoughtless in his movements, and probably trampled over them quite regardless of their feelings when he decided to see what was happening outside.

Slipping on a coat, I went as silently as possible to the door which, as usual, stood open, and looked out on the verandah. This was about six feet in breadth and something over forty feet long, and there I saw the strangest, the most incongruous, sight that had come within my experience, so ludicrous indeed that it was with difficulty that I checked my laughter. At the far end of the verandah sat Engato, very solemn, yet obviously very inquisitive, watching intently something that was happening towards the other end, near my bedroom window. That something was a magnificent lion, with a full mane, and he too sat watching, very much at home, watching rather quizzically and wondering (no doubt) how the little cub had found its way there. And as he watched he was gently swishing his tail to and fro across the rough earthen surface of the verandah, the cause of the mysterious noise which had brought my dogs to their feet.

The issue, I admit, is disappointing. The stage was set for drama, and it was a dramatic situation, this meeting of the wild and the tame: but I am afraid that it was the ludicrous aspect which most appealed to me—the sudden awakening, the mystery and its odd explanation, and still those two lions confronting each other silently, both obviously inquisitive and anxious to know more about each other. The wild one had the greater poise and was content to sit patiently and watch. Not so Engato. His muscles were twitching in his anxiety to make friends. He would half lurch forward and relapse again on to his hind-quarters. Like a kitten attracted by a ball of wool he would crouch as for a spring, and relax again with a mild grunt of excitement. He was really terribly excited, but could not make up his mind what to do. Neither of them took any notice of me, as I stood in the shadow of the door. Suddenly Engato took a few agile bounds forward and stopped. The old lion continued to sweep my floor quite unperturbed. Engato crept forward inch by inch, and almost before I knew it he had halved the distance between them. Perhaps an involuntary movement of mine spoilt the play: or perhaps Dignity was just a little bored and thought it unbecoming to be made the sport of a mere cub, and not his cub at that. At any rate, whatever the reason, he rose to his feet very deliberately, yawned, and bounded out of sight across the narrow trench that, surrounding the house, served the double purpose of carrying off superfluous rain water and preventing the ingress of biting ants.

(These ants, red and very vicious, march in enormous swarms, and once, before the trench was dug under native advice, I entered my house long after dark. Almost immediately I was covered with ants which, finding my clothes no obstacle, inflicted on me the torment of a thousand nettles. There was no getting away from them, and what was worse the house was in darkness, though my lamp should have been alight. Their numbers will be appreciated—actually we found later that five columns, seemingly endless, had converged on the house—when I say that my lamp was one of the clockwork variety common in the Tropics. This is wound up and the mechanism creates a draught which is drawn up through a hollow cylinder on which it stands, thus keeping a steady flame without the need of a chimney. This lamp had been lit by my servant, but such a mass of ants had entered the cylinder that they inhibited the draught and so extinguished the lamp. Stripping off my clothes I shouted for my servants, who of course knew the only right thing to do. For a gentle beating of drums and pans, to simulate falling rain, speedily evacuated the house of ants, who hurried as fast as they could to be back home before the storm broke. This by the way, but it explains why the lion had to clear a trench on leaving my verandah.)

Next morning I was up early, as I had to go with the local natives after a herd of elephants which were destroying crops no great distance away. They were going to hunt them in their own way with spears and had asked me to accompany them, as they knew that I liked to leave my rifle at home and to do things, sometimes, in their way. These Lango are the finest spearmen I have ever met, and the bravest. They do not hesitate to tackle any animal, however dangerous, and never even carry a shield for their protection: they laugh at their neighbours, the Acholi, who carry much larger shields than the Lango war-shields, suggesting that they are conveniently large to protect their backs when they are running away. I have seen a running buck speared at sixty yards and constant practice has given their spears a low trajectory in flight which it is very difficult to emulate.

About a dozen men turned up at dawn and we were just starting, when out rushed Engato. His blood was up after the night's adventure, and small though he was the hunting lust was on him. He insisted on coming just as firmly as I insisted on his staying behind; for I knew that it would be too much for him and, besides, I naturally did not want to risk his being trampled to death. The Lango were much amused at his persistence and were delighted when he bounded from one to the other as though asking them to take him: the wretch could wheedle as well as any domestic cat. It was inevitable, of course, that he went. He would be a mascot, they said, and bring us luck, and if he tired one of them would carry him.

Delightedly Engato lolloped behind me in the cool of the morning air. It must have been an effort for him, as we moved at a steady jog-trot for about ten miles, and his only rests came when he was carried across a couple of big swamps which we had to traverse. On arriving at the spot on which we had decided overnight, we found another dozen spearmen waiting for us, and quickly made our dispositions. We chose a clearing which extended for a depth of about fifty yards before it met thick bush and grass fully fifteen feet tall, and strung out in a long line at irregular intervals. As I thought, Engato proceeded to make a thorough nuisance of himself: first he wanted to explore the bush, and when driven back from that took his revenge by biting everyone's heels—naked heels—impartially. They took it very well, however, having only themselves to blame for insisting on his coming, and laughed uproariously at his absurd antics, especially once when with poetic justice he was bitten by a large warrior ant.

Nevertheless, as zero hour approached, I became more and more nervous for his safety and tried to get him to take cover behind a tree. I might as well have tried to balance a ball of quicksilver, but the Lango got a lot of fun out of it. They did not worry a bit about their mascot, which annoyed me, perhaps unreasonably, but said that Engato was a creature of the bush and would be able to look after himself. And indeed he had to, for once the business started I was far too busy to attend to him. Several hundred Lango had located the herd, a small one, and drove it down upon us. The animals —I should not like to say how many there were: one is apt to magnify numbers on such occasions, but probably there were only eight or ten—broke from the bush about fifty yards away and came, panic-stricken at the din behind them, in our direction without at first spotting us. As luck would have it, the elephant most conveniently disposed came towards me, and the others (as is the custom) were allowed to pass through our line unmolested. As in duty bound, I flung my spear at the elephant and it happily landed in such a way as not to disgrace me: with a scream of rage it charged towards me, and, again following the Lango ritual, I had to wait till on nearing me it was wounded by a spear from my neighbour.

At once the elephant turned from me and made for its last opponent, and was in this way played up and down the line till eventually it broke through a gap, and we settled down for a long chase. It is curious that the elephant, whose instinct and sagacity are generally considered above the ordinary, can apparently be trusted to behave in this way. The Lango, who have hunted by this method for centuries, have never known it to fail, and I have never seen the technique break down, though I have not had a great deal of experience of it. They assert, and I am inclined to agree, that there is absolutely no danger for the hunters, provided that no one turns and runs, as, if he does, then the elephant will refuse to be deflected by another spear.

As may be imagined, there was not much chance of looking after Engato while all this was going on. A moment's inattention might have been fatal to oneself or to one's neighbour, and the whole essence of this kind of co-operative hunting lies in the confidence which one has in one's fellow-hunters. But it did not last long, and after the elephant broke through we were glad enough to rest for a few minutes and to see what had happened to Engato. The Lango were not long in finding him: they guessed where he would be—I admit that I had not thought of it—and their shouts of laughter told me the tale quickly enough. "Oh, Engato! Oh, Great Hunter! Chief of the Forest," they cried, "come down, come down to thy kill!" For there he was cowering in the crook of a branch, well out of harm's way, on the very tree behind which I had tried to persuade him to take cover. He must have scrambled up it as soon as the trumpeting elephants broke from the bush, and nothing would coax him down. The rest of the hunt does not concern us more than it concerns Engato. We killed our elephant, but Engato was a passenger, I fear. One of the men fetched him down from the tree, but he was so upset, and his nerves were in such a tangle, that he refused to walk any more, and for the rest of the long day clung, more like a monkey than a lion, to the Lango who had rescued him from his refuge. J. H. DRIBERG

MORE THOUGHTS ON THE "PROMS"

ONE experiences such extraordinary vicissitudes at the "Proms" that I cannot imagine how any young music-lover who was a constant attendant at these concerts could make head or tail of the medley of his impressions. How many, I wonder, go with an open mind and, uninfluenced by the enthusiasm or lack of enthusiasm of those around them, take stock at the end of each concert of their own impressions? They must find such unaccountable surprises and disappointments that if they were to try to form an estimate of the music they heard from their own impressions they would be compelled to some astonishing conclusions utterly departing from orthodox values. As an example of what I mean, I will give a few of my own experiences during the past week or so.

The all-Brahms Wednesday concert was the most enjoyable of the season so far to me. In the first place we had a new combination in the Concerto for Violin and Violoncello in Miss Isolde Menges and Mr. Antoni Sala. Miss Menges has long appealed to me as the most satisfying of our home-bred violinists and Mr. Sala is a sensitive and musicianly player with a nice tone. As a combination they were excellent, showing that much care and attention had been given to their preparation of the work, since their performance was of an admirable ensemble, highly intelligent, pure, flexible and spontaneous. How refreshing is the combination of flexibility and spontaneity without any forcing or emotional aggression! More and more one comes to resent the frontal attacks upon one's nervous system which some musicians employ in order to intimidate us and prevent us listening too closely at what they have to offer, knowing in their hearts that they have nothing to offer. And as usual when Sir Henry Wood has good artists as soloists, he fell in with their ways perfectly and, I hope, enjoyed as much as we did what was an outstanding performance such as we are not likely to hear at the Queen's Hall or anywhere else for some time. Fortunately the whole concert was more or less on the same level without any jar to the serenity of one's enjoyment, and to my mind it was a whole evening of Brahms at his best, for what could be better than the Haydn variations, and the last, the E minor symphony? It is something of a platitude to say that Brahms is at his best in the variations form, but the reason for this is less obvious. It seems to me that from the music of Brahms we can collect excellent tests to discover whether one possesses the specific musical sense or not, and I would select the Haydn variations, the E minor symphony, particularly the last movement, and the double concerto as perfect for this test. In none of these is Brahms being a poet (in the Aristotelian sense) or a great creator; he is merely being a musician—and what a musician! Brahms' personality is not one that is especially appealing to me. I never feel like bursting out into a sheer laughter of happiness at any time while listening to his music as, for example, one cannot help doing in the last movement of Beethoven's C major pianoforte concerto, which happened to be played on the Friday following. But if it is possible to make this intellectual abstraction and to speak of "pure music" as George Moore used to speak of "pure poetry," then we must admit that as a pure musician Brahms is irreproachable—at his best, for he also wrote songs and instrumental music where the sentiment is in excess of the music.

I do not like Brahms when he goes forth to battle, but then I do not like any artists who go forth to battle except those who are merely bluffing, like Berlioz. Brahms was much too earnest, and to be earnest is always to be ridiculous, since it is given only to the elect, the few supremely great—a Beethoven, for example—to be not earnest but serious, which is an entirely different quality and one reserved for the immortal. But Brahms when he is being entirely natural and self-forgetful, when he is not at all obsessed by the tramp of Beethoven behind him, but has forgotten that there was ever any musician in the world before him, Brahms—then he is a truly great and inspired musician. We may reserve the word creator for something of a different class, but we can call him a magician who produces not a new created world but the shadow of a created world. That is why I find the true Brahms in the Haydn variations and in the second and fourth symphonies, not in the first and third, in neither of which is he wholly himself.

Now after this perfect Wednesday we had an evening of Haydn and Mozart that was to me almost horrible. The opposite of being aggressive is being simple, *not* being refined; and on this Thursday Sir Henry Wood and everybody else was just disgustingly refined. Artists know that to be simple is the hardest thing in the world, and I credit Sir Henry Wood with the best intentions when he presents us with the "Haffner" symphony and the C minor concerto with a lack of mere meaningless noise that might be very grateful were it not so empty and colourless. Miss Kathleen Long, who was the pianist in the concerto, has many good qualities; she is a sensitive musician and preserves a clear outline, but nevertheless, I hope she will forgive me when I say that this bloodless refined performance was a travesty of the C minor concerto. Would I rather hear Miss Kathleen Long or Mr. Moisewitsch play this concerto? Truly, I cannot say, and for those who understand, this will explain what I mean. Both, in their different ways, are equally unsuited to it.

The consequence of this failure to materialise the two Mozart works on this occasion was that much the most enjoyable item on the programme was Hindemith's Philharmonic Concerto, an admirable and truly musical work in which this contemporary German composer gives to those who have ears to hear full proof of his great talent. Among all the younger post-war composers there is none who strikes me as being more genuinely gifted than Hindemith; he is inventive, spontaneous, wholly a musician and truly himself. There were two vocal items on this programme that call for some

comment. Mr. Keith Faulkner sang intelligently the delightful recitative and aria from Haydn's *Seasons*, "Behold, along the dewy grass," but a full appreciation of the quality of this music can only come with hearing *The Seasons* as a whole. Perhaps Sir Henry Wood, Dr. Adrian Boult or Sir Thomas Beecham will give us this pleasure in the not-too-distant future? The other vocal number was Mozart's concert aria "Mia speranza adorata," sung by Miss Joan Coxon. Now here it is difficult to be just. Miss Coxon sings with a purity of tone and a true intonation that are warmly to be commended; she has also had either a careful conscientious teacher or she herself is especially careful and conscientious; but having said this, I must add that she sings more like a canary than a human being. It is not a case of being an artificial nightingale—that rarest and most enchanting of all birds—but merely of being so refined, so lifeless, that one longed to heave a brick into the space between her and Sir Henry Wood to wake them both up into a little vivacity and expressiveness. This could have been achieved without any violation of tone; it needed only some mental energy to be put into the phrasing of Mozart's contours, but Miss Coxon does not seem to have any grasp of rhythm, and while she lacks this she will be a dull singer in spite of her good qualities.

The performance of Beethoven's C major pianoforte concerto on the Friday by Mr. Kendall Taylor was on the whole a good one, because it was intelligent and not devoid of cleanness and vigour. In spite of imperfections the root of the matter was there and Mr. Kendall Taylor is a decided acquisition to the Promenade pianists. As for the concerto itself, I can only laugh when critics talk of this miracle of musical art as an early or "Mozartian" work. Like Mozart's C minor concerto, with which it has nothing in common, it is a masterpiece of pure music and pure creation, and not a masterpiece of science in the shadow world where Brahms is a creator.

W. J. TURNER

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, September 1st—
"Happy Easter," Westminster Theatre.

SATURDAY, September 2nd—
Cricket Festival, Scarborough.
"Paris Fantasie," Prince of Wales's Theatre.

SUNDAY, September 3rd—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "German Nationalism as Religion," Conway Hall, 11.
Three Choirs Festival, Hereford.
Andrew Maclaren on "Social Justice," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.

MONDAY, September 4th—
"Age of Plenty," Embassy Theatre.

TUESDAY, September 5th—
Flower Show, National Dahlia Society, New Horticultural Hall.
"The Distaff Side," Apollo Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, September 6th—
Annual Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Leicester.
"The Key," St. Martin's Theatre.

THURSDAY, September 7th—
Garden Party for representatives of Societies Interested in International Peace Movements, "Oaklands," Hildenborough, Kent.

Life and Letters. Edited by DESMOND MACCARTHY and HAMISH MILES.

The September issue of *Life and Letters*, which will be on sale early next week, contains a story by D. H. Lawrence, published now for the first time. *A Modern Lover* is in Lawrence's earlier style and belongs to the period of *Sons and Lovers*, which many consider to be his best novel. It lacks, perhaps, some of the magic of his later work but also the excesses, and altogether it is a striking example of his earlier style at its most effective. Though it might be described as a sketch for a scene in the novel, and is interesting for that reason, the story stands by itself and is distinctly Lawrence's. The other contributions include an examination of a page of Walter Pater by Vernon Lee, a review by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy of the Russian trials, chapters from the autobiography of Lord Berners, a short story by Dorothy Edwards, an essay on the Duchess of Marlborough by Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, and many pages of book reviews. The quarterly costs now half a crown and will be on sale at all bookstalls, or from the Publisher, 10 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Ace

Mr. Raymond Massey's reputation has been deservedly enhanced by his performance in this play at the Lyric Theatre, but not altogether for the right reasons. The part of Rittmeister Von Hagen, the German air-hero who is secretly obsessed by his dread of a vis-à-vis conqueror, "the Major," is one which to any competent and colourable actor should present no difficulties whatever. The air-war, with its atmosphere of duelling and chivalry, was in fact the only phase of the whole conflict which presented a clear-cut opportunity for a stageworthy sequence of incidents—stageworthy, that is, in the sense that all drama from the Renaissance until just recently has been concerned with the conflict of individuals. Mr. Massey takes all the obvious opportunities in his stride. Who could know better than he how to present the bitterness of a fear which is regarded as a joke by his colleagues and subordinates? Who is more expert in harsh heroism of the popular brand? It was not difficult to take these things as read as the play unfolded. But Mr. Massey reveals far more, and in his performance epitomises the essential school-boyishness of the whole business—the brutality of the schoolboy in confronting an English prisoner with his supposed triumph, the sentimental half-mystical attitude which the proximity of death must breed in all but the most civilised and grown-up of human beings, even the awed reverence of the Head, in the person of the Kaiser, which prompts him to click his heels when responding to telephoned compliments. The very cocotte who seeks to soothe his tortured mind in the bed-chamber is treated as a mother to whom his exhausting terrors must be poured out, secured from contempt by her failure of comprehension. This is great acting, greatly conceived, and the on the whole puerile values of the piece should not be allowed to obscure it. Mr. Massey is supported by an exceedingly competent company, among whom Mr. Wilfrid Lawson scores heavily with a note of a drab infantryman's realism amid the glamorous mediaeval atmosphere of the Seventh Fighter Squadron's Headquarters. Mr. Ernest Jay as Von Hagen's batman repeats a delicious characterisation, but Mr. Esmé Percy as a war correspondent is fantastically improbable, unless he intends to suggest a reason why Germany lost the war.

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NEW NOVELS

Spider. By MARGUERITE STEEN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Glory. By FRANCIS STUART. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Forthcoming Marriages. By MARY LUTYENS. *Murray.* 7s. 6d.
Her Mother and Louison. By ANGÈLE BARTLETT. Introduction by EDWARD GARNETT. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6s.
The Players at Maestrino. By CHARLES FORREST. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.

The trouble with Miss Marguerite Steen is that she tunes everything up to Hollywood pitch. The great musical festival which she stages, the annual commemoration of the inconceivable genius of Richard Adam, is beheld clinging sumptuously to a rock-bound coast of Brittany; poets declaim, dancers interpret with the help of the best champagne, the most proudly cosmopolitan artists perform; the widow of the Master arrives behind four prancing greys and bewigged footmen, the approaches are gay with "the white plumes of field-marshals, the turbans of maharajahs, the toppers of distinguished civilians, the eccentric headgear of famous artists from all parts of the world"; and it is nothing, really, to find oneself bowing to "a Serene Highness or two," or to smile blandly upon "a Czecho-Slovakian ex-Archduchess" (whatever that may be). The moments of personal drama are to match. That bundle of old love-letters which will compromise the great Adam Legend—what will old Madame Adam do about them?—

> "That is hardly of interest to me, is it?"
> "Probably not, madame. Its interest lies further afield."
> She shrugged her shoulders.
> "I'm not interested in riddles."
> "Nor in letters, I suppose?"
> The sword flashed between them. For a moment Isidore had a sick comprehension of his own peril. He had burned his boats. . . .
> Jacoba's face was mottled; she looked at least a hundred. . . .

Or a setting for conflict between a good love and an evil? Try this:

> A diseased moon floated in the darkness above the Galerie—a lop-sided thing that patched the white stone-work with a leprosy of darkness and light. The trees swung sideways, as though dragged by the sombre weight of their leaves. Across the sky moved rapidly the minatory banks of cloud, advancing upon the moon like wolves upon a heifer, driven away before they could accomplish their fell purpose by the wind that came across the invisible Atlantic.

Not that Miss Steen is really taken in by the prodigious Bayreuth-Frogmore fake which she so elaborately conjures up. To a considerable extent she wants to satirise in *Spider* the limelit apotheosis of genius, and the peculiarly luscious form of it that is apt to grow as an accretion on the memory of a great musician. And she has a central theme which in itself is good—a study of the lust for power of a masterful old woman, the widow of a master composer, determined to enshrine his memory as a musician by these prodigious festivals, to keep intact his memory, as she has chosen to depict it in her own insidiously misleading biography, by suppressing all evidence of his fickle amorousness before she caught him on the decline and tamed him, and to control absolutely the lives and ideas of Richard Adam's descendants through herself. It is notoriously hard to depict convincingly in fiction the power of musical genius; and although Miss Steen, in her opening pages, throws a large number of hard facts about Adam at our heads, she does not really stun us into acquiescence at the beginning. Wagner's genius was operatic, and the Bayreuth tradition has been naturally operatic in quality; Adam's genius seems to have manifested itself in sonatas and suites and preludes, which are not the material for a gigantic legend of this kind. The result is that, although we watch with sympathy and interest the charming Daniela Adam, the grand-daughter, struggling for existence against the choking atmosphere of her family tradition, and feel proper sympathy too with young Guy Renault, her lover, who also has, though illegitimately, the ichor in his veins, we never really feel that the background of their lives is actual or possible. The essential drama is choked by the lush, rank excess of the staging. And Miss Steen has certainly not helped the verisimilitude of a carefully contrived story by setting it in France: beyond punctuating their generally idiomatic English with "*hein*," or looking at their watches and suddenly exclaiming "*six heures moins quart*," the minds of her protagonists do not seem to work French-wise, nor does *la gloire* manifest itself thus (*pace* Sarah Bernhardt, a racial exception) on the Atlantic strand.

Mr. Francis Stuart, on the other hand, can take liberties with probability that Miss Steen could not dream of. But they are the liberties of a poet. In *Glory* you may see Mairead O'Byrne glide within a few pages, and fewer weeks, from solitude in her father's broken-down Irish country house to the heart of marching armies and conflicting world powers in China, and thence back, almost in a moment, to face a firing-squad on the aerodrome which the Trans-Continental Aero-Route Company built on the fifty acres they bought from her father. And the story is convincing, because it moves with a logic that cuts under the surface of life, down into the deep layers of the spirit, an almost mystical drama, set forth by characters who move in a clean, pure air with the steady freedom of the aeroplanes which strip them of mundane bonds and yet, in the end, conquer them. In Mr. Stuart's first novel, *Women and God*, there was ample evidence of his sensitive perception of the spiritual values which alone give meaning to the modern age; in his others he has learned to dispense with all but the essentials in his almost symbolic stories. He has been compared with D. H. Lawrence, but he is a cooler, clearer writer, devoid of Lawrence's turbid insistence, and sparing us the cry of agitated hysteria. "I tell you," says General Porteous, the practical genius of the great air company which is itself becoming one of the Great Powers—

> I want to shatter the smugness of the world. All the cold smugness that believes in humanity, that believes in itself. All the pride and self-complacency that it has sunk into. And I will use their own tools to do it. Their own machines.

And the story is that of Mairead's attempt to stand beside him as he tried, and failed. The subsidiary figures are, nearly all of them, admirably sketched—old Mike O'Byrne, dreaming over his old racing records and hotch-potch notebooks; Tom Fitzgerald hovering round the flame of Mairead's youth; Jenny the maid with her novelettes which fall so far beneath the reality that is in preparation above-stairs; Frank de Lacy whose self-built hermitage in Caragh Wood became an anti-aircraft gun emplacement, and who went with Mairead to martyrdom. And it is impossible to read Mr. Stuart without being struck, over and over again, by his gift for sharp visual detail. His picture of the Chinese marshal's army entering Hankow, and Shang Ya's death in the street, the bird dropping from his wrist as he falls, is as clear-cut and mobile as a good film; and often one's eye falls with pleasing recognition on a passing glimpse like this:

> You must know that big pool just at the corner of our ground . . . that flat stone and how the water skims over it in shallow ripples so that it seems to be stretched so thin that you wait for it to tear, like a piece of stretched silk. But it doesn't tear. It keeps quite loose and full of ripples one after the other so quick that you can't count them. And then it glides off into the deep pool on the lower side, and it's very still and the ripples die away almost at once, hushed and smoothed out.

Glory is emphatically to be recommended, for readers who dislike their novels predigested.

With Miss Mary Lutyens's *Forthcoming Marriages* we are on more ordinary ground. She has written a book of unexpected variety, some pretty sentiment, some agreeable cynicism—a kind of peep-show made by cutting holes in the Court page of the *Times*. She picks out nine announcements from the forthcoming marriage announcements (including one which "will not now take place"), and shows in nine short stories the chemistry that lies behind the formula. It sounds a little mechanical and monotonous, but isn't, because Miss Lutyens has inventiveness, and a light touch which nearly always carries her safely over frail bridges of lovers' intimacy which even the most light-footed angels ought to fear to tread. Her string of stories makes a diverting entertainment.

Mrs. Angèle Bartlett's short novel, *Her Mother and Louison*, is a much more deliberate work of artistry, and a successful one. Shaped to a French pattern, and dealing (except for one English character as a foil) with French people, it has a precision and a sense of intellectual choice in problems of conduct which are uncommon in the purely English novel. But the portrait of the girl Louison, child of an unhappy marriage, who comes to the realisation of her mother's dependence on her young lover, Pierre, is very subtly drawn, with a constant alertness to shades of feeling of a kind which it is difficult to isolate and seize, and the background, especially in the country scenes at Beaupuy, is conveyed with refreshing economy and directness. What the book lacks in substance it makes up for with its swift certainty of touch.

The stage in Mr. Charles Forrest's amusing novel is Italian, the players English. The situation is promising: James Somerville seeks out his first wife, a once-famous actress whom he divorced twenty years before, where she is vegetating in a third-class

hotel in a small town of the Campagna, with her odd son Donald. The youth he pulls back to England, but Alys—no: the redoubtable Alys is left dominating her scrubby little local drama at Maestrino, through a variety of acts which make uncommonly amusing reading with a slightly tart flavour, even in their final tragedy. The study of the atmosphere of the Osteria della Luna is an achievement in itself. HAMISH MILES

BORROWING OR STEALING

Literary Quotation and Allusion. By E. E. KELLETT. *Heffer.* 3s. 6d.

Plagiarism: An Essay on Good and Bad Borrowing. By W. A. EDWARDS. *The Minority Press.* 3s. 6d.

The slogan has replaced the classical quotation in political life. The allusive style is slowly perishing, if Mr. Kellett is to be believed, because the new public which borrows books at the rate of twopence a week wants writers to keep strictly to the point. As a social force in the past, quotation has had, of course, an enormous influence over human conduct. Gentlemen were recognisable at once by their classical tags. Indeed, the ignoramus who laid in a small stock of quotations could score off his betters, for nothing is more disconcerting than a quotation unless one can immediately cap it. Quotations, in fact, have a magic power, for they bring authority to bear upon the passing moment. Private judgment turned the Bible into a storehouse of quotations and enabled many to indulge, surreptitiously, in the human instinct of gambling. Generations of estimable people have practised sortilege in the privacy of their chambers with an assiduity which would have edified their pagan ancestors.

Of necessity Mr. Kellett has had to repeat much in this handbook, but he has gone, lightly, beyond the petrified rules of eloquence. He speculates amusingly upon the unknown genius who first discovered the complimentary art of quotation. To quote is not only to flatter the learned reader, but to recognise the rights of private ownership in art.

The practice, therefore, argues an advanced state of literature. All art, however individual, involves a process of borrowing and transformation, but art is always tending to revert to its communal origins, as the rapid rise of schools and movements proves. Quotation and allusion keep fresh the lines of personal demarcation: they preserve, too, the good manners of art. Allusion makes conscious the whole process of borrowing. What might have been a mean theft becomes a delightful and courteous interplay of thought. Milton's epic manner or Gray's Elegy—that subtle mosaic of indirect quotations—illustrates the complex medium of allusion. The poetic medium develops a double consciousness.

Although oratorical quotation is now moribund, allusiveness has become highly specialised once more in modern experiment. Mr. Kellett is sceptical of modernism, but the curiosities of the past which he describes are not without immediate application. The constant reappearance, for instance, of the *cento* in various epochs shows the human instinct to juggle, seriously or lightly, with the processes of composition. The cento consists of a patchwork of borrowed lines and quotations and can be startling in its effect. Martial satirised the Homeric cento-makers of his time, and Ausonius described this ancient parlour game in the following terms: *de inconnexis continuum, de diversis unum, de seriis ludicrum, de alieno nostrum*—"continuity out of disconnectedness, unity out of difference, jocosity out of solemnity, and originality by means of plagiarism." The definition has a curiously modern ring. The learned Athenais, wife of Theodosius II, composed an elaborate cento from Homer in which the Iliad and the Odyssey mystically yielded a life of Christ. Of this work Mr. Kellett observes: "The classical scholar, as he sees the familar words of the old epic in their new setting, fancies they have jumped out of their right pages and are dancing before him in a kind of nightmare, like Alice's pack of cards in Wonderland." The uncomfortable effect of nightmare which distresses many readers of Mr. James Joyce's recent work or *The Waste Land* is due to the same surprise at finding quotation or allusion in an unusual setting. The marble mantelpiece clock ticks in the coal-scuttle, the coals are in the gas-stove, and the sugar-bowl shines coyly beneath a gooseberry bush. Mr. Kellett deals with parody which is a running commentary on the processes of creation, but he does not accept the fact that in modern work it has become useful in a novel way as an explosive ingredient.

Mr. Edwards won the Le Bas Prize for 1932, but his essay is less exciting than other publications of the Minority Press. He preserves the academic amenities and discusses plagiarism on the grand scale. The mighty examples of Dante and Shakespeare prove the ruthless nature of genius, but they do not solve this furious problem of ordinary literary existence. It is often quite easy to develop somebody else's idea or display it to greater advantage. The world judges by the success. Writers, however, are less unfortunate than inventors who grope painfully for years, and when they are almost exhausted find that a newcomer has snatched the ultimate victory from their grasp.

COCTEAU'S "ORPHÉE"

Orphée. By JEAN COCTEAU. *Oxford University Press.* 7s. 6d.

This translation is most welcome, because *Orphée* is the work which reveals M. Cocteau's powers at their most serious and maturest. Much of Cocteau's writing is spoilt by one's feeling that it is the notes of an extremely gifted psychological observer who is struck by the disparity of phenomena and who fails to discover any fundamental unity in them. However, the more one reads *Orphée*, the more one admires the unity of the play and its firmness of construction: what is unique is that the actors do not merely perform in front of a background of scenery: the scenery and the costumes are made to contribute integrally to the unity of the play.

Orphée is a transcription of the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice into terms of modern life. Since the play is by Cocteau, it goes without saying that it is as completely without the air of historic or poeticised drama as, for example, Shaw's *Saint Joan*. But Cocteau's play is greater than Shaw's, because Cocteau does not merely bring a story up to date and make it important to us, but he also inspires it with a poetic force that gives us a whole set of new symbolic terms that take us so far that *Orphée* becomes as much a legend of the future as of the past. *Orphée* is described as a meditation on death. Cocteau puts Death in evening dress and a cloak, whilst her assistants wear surgeons' uniforms. The clue to Eurydice's fate is that Death forgets her rubber gloves, leaving them on a table. Cocteau makes his legend eternal because he makes us see the universality of death in terms that are real to us: the symbols of death are no longer the skull and bones: they are the surgeon's steel instruments, rubber gloves, and the smell of anaesthetic and the operating theatre. Cocteau does not only create our symbols for us; his psychology is still profounder: "Mirrors are the doors through which Death comes and goes. Don't tell anyone. You have only to watch yourself all your life in a mirror, and you'll see Death at work like bees in a glass hive." Self-contemplation is the motive of death in our time. For instance, as in jazz, the meaningless reflection of mere impulse without direction. Or, as in photography: one is so familiar with photographs of Bernard Shaw that if one sees Shaw himself one has the impression of seeing the ghost of numberless photographs. In Cocteau's own work the death motive is found in the insistent repetition of his self-portraiture, and in the importance of his name, always recurring, Jean or Jean Cocteau.

Orphée is dedicated to Pitoëff's children. In his dedication Cocteau says: "Critics misquote my text; children remember it, play it, enact it." This is easy to understand because *Orphée* is written with a child's logic and simplicity. It is natural and childish that a horse should be poisoned with a lump of sugar, and that Eurydice should be killed by licking the glue of an envelope which the Bacchantes had poisoned. The play is also full of innocent puns, and it seems quite sensible that when Orphée is killed by the Bacchantes, and his head is thrown on to the stage, that it should go on talking. There are beautiful sustained effects reminding us of those Japanese plays where a gesture is sometimes "held" for several seconds; for example, Orphée removes the chair on which Heurtebise, the window-cleaner, is standing, and Heurtebise remains, in the same pose, suspended in the air. Cocteau's play is not childish in any bad sense, but he creates a world which is easily comprehensible to the mature credulity of children, but which is beyond the reach of those who have grown up in a way that rejects their own childhood or in whom childhood has died or withered. This is the world of Blake, and it is the world that Rilke profoundly studied.

Orphée has been freely but excellently translated by Mr. Carl Wildman, who has used great ingenuity in preserving Cocteau's puns. There is also a frontispiece to the volume by Picasso which is unintelligible in reproduction, and, inevitably, there is a photograph of M. Cocteau as Heurtebise. STEPHEN SPENDER

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THINGS REMEMBERED

The Unexpected. By FRANK PENN-SMITH. Foreword by RICHARD HUGHES. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

The Unexpected is a narrative of adventure: not one of those slick and debonair tales of amateur voyaging in a cockleshell across the Pacific, done by some American student for fun, a bet or a mere honeymoon, or one of those grim and professional accounts of exploration in some uncharted bit of Arabian desert. It belongs to the adventure of necessity. What happens in *The Unexpected* happened to Mr. Penn-Smith not by inclination but by sheer urgency, the inexorable necessity of making a living. True, he did not step off the safe lighthouse of Victorian family life into the barbarous waves of adventure with much joy. Seventy years ago the Penn-Smiths were a happy family: secure, serene, wealthy, cultured, as aloof and solid indeed as a lighthouse. They were an institution; nothing could happen to them. A little misunderstood, perhaps, by the people in the Lancashire seaside town in which they had a house—"my parents, of cultured and attuned minds, did not harmonise with the tedious people around them, with whom they found it difficult to communicate, except by polite signs"—but it was nothing. They were rich enough to go abroad when it pleased them, and in France they were understood, in both thought and language, by both the old noblesse and the moderns. Entrancing life! "Sojourns with friends at Cimiez and the Vallon Obscur." Sojourn! No other word is right. Old villas, old gardeners, old wine, old aristocrats. Fêtes and fashions, wit and beauty, leisurely drives behind leisurely horses to romantic castles in romantic mountains. All perfect, all invincible and unchangeable. "An outburst of small-pox did not touch us. Railway accidents occurred, but we were never in them." And then, flick!—suddenly, without warning, the light in the lighthouse went out. It was all over. "When everyone is paid there will be nothing left. Do you understand?"

So began a new life, for obviously the old could never be reconstructed. Impossible! The disgrace, the humiliation, the loss of the influential friends! A new life then: and as far away as possible. The Penn-Smiths chose Tasmania—"largely owing to the eulogies of Anthony Trollope." Unimpeachable recommendation! Were there touching scenes of decision?—feminine head on masculine breast, the hard dry tear falling on the proud whiskers, the gulp of resignation and fortitude? Mr. Penn-Smith does not say. He is concerned from this moment with the new life, his life, his own emotions and adventures. The charming serenity of the Victorian scene gives way to Tasmania in 1879—no Art, no Science, no Literature, no Style, no Breeding: the beginning, in fact, of reality.

There is a Russian proverb which says that if a peasant hasn't troubles enough he will buy a pig. Similarly the Penn-Smiths: having lost everything, and therefore not having troubles enough, they bought a farm. It conformed with tradition. "My mother offered up her trinkets." After the farm, they tried lime-burning. Oh! the aristocrats at Hyères! The lime-burning also failed. Hitherto Mr. Penn-Smith's narrative has been charming, his adventures more or less conventional, his style adequate. As soon as the lime-burning fails and Mr. Penn-Smith takes up what is to be his life's work and adventure, the mining of copper and tin and gold, the narrative becomes enthralling, the adventures anything but conventional, the style strong and fresh. "Has such a life," asks Mr. Richard Hughes in his preface, "ever 'before been lived by a man who was a poet and an artist to his finger tips; driven to a life of action not by inclination but by necessity?" Mr. Hughes has put his finger on the spot, though he might have added courage to action, for it needed a rare kind of courage to step off the safe door-mat of Victorian aristocracy, via a lime-kiln, into the Tasmanian bush of the 'eighties and so to the Australia of Henry Lawson's day and the fevers of West Africa.

The book is full of good stuff: a hundred-and-one thumb-nail sketches of old Australian settlers, miners, cattlemen, of African chiefs, lions and cannibals, all backed up by exciting descriptions and adventures, with authentic atmosphere. Mr. Penn-Smith has an abrupt, lively, take-it-or-leave-it kind of style that is both amusing and convincing. He is no amateur. In the old days he wrote stories for the *Sydney Bulletin*—rivalling Lawson perhaps? It seems that he is now seventy. From his book you would never know it. *The Unexpected* has the vigour of youth, untainted by the morbid philosophisings of old age, free from the good-old-days and things-will-never-be-the-same-again sort of refrain. There is perhaps the faintest regret for the early Tasmanian days, the sojourns with friends at Cimiez and the Vallon Obscur, the wit, the fashion and the gaiety, the aristocrats at Hyères. But it is a legitimate and forgivable regret. "To things remembered," says Mr. Penn-Smith, "there is no end." Let us hope he will go on remembering.

H. E. BATES

THE BRAIN TRUST

The Industrial Discipline. By REXFORD G. TUGWELL. *Oxford University Press.* 15s. 6d.

No more suitable book could be recommended for a study of the spirit which informs the present administration of the United States. Professor Tugwell is a member of the so-called brain trust, and if one compares for example the proposals for reform outlined in his chapter on Government and Industry with the actual procedure under the National Industrial Recovery Act, one is forced to the conclusion that he is a very active member. His book commands particular attention and respect since he is not one of the numerous band of American economists who a few years ago subscribed wholeheartedly to the doctrine of the new era and have now, with much trumpeting about the U.S. capacity for independent action, ratted to the doctrine of the "new deal."

Professor Tugwell has long been a radical, but this does not mean that he is in revolt against big business. On the contrary, he is obsessed by it. He envisages the whole economic system in terms of the conveyor belt. The forward march of industrial technique is not to be stayed, and the industrial discipline consists in learning the lessons of adaptation to it. The characteristics and methods of modern industry—the continuous process, serialisation, functional analysis and so on—must be extended into the field of social management. The orderly movement of the Ford factory is the ideal for society at large. Business must be linked with business and industry with industry in such a way as to ensure the continuous and uninterrupted movement of materials and forces to their planned end. We have the choice between a super-trust outside our political forms and an assimilation to the State of the going system. To pose this problem is to answer it.

Professor Tugwell has therefore nothing but rebuke for those who would question this development or put obstacles in its way. He condemns the outworn political institutions which have lost touch with advancing industry; he rebukes legislators for their ignorance, labour for its intransigency, and business men for their obstruction in face of the desirable trend in industry. Above all he is contemptuous of economists for allowing the developments which have remade industry under their very noses to escape analysis, for relying upon a classical structure built upon early nineteenth-century premises, and for remaining bogged in that tradition.

But very early on one has the suspicion that Professor Tugwell has never really understood that tradition nor the analysis on which it was founded. This suspicion aroused by incidental comments is confirmed by his chapter on the processes of the market, a very loose and uncritical account of the working of the price mechanism. Professor Tugwell is convinced not merely that the competitive system works badly but that it does not work at all. At least his language is uncompromising enough on this point. Competition is a regime of organised conflict, wasteful and costly, and *laissez-faire* is merely leave to engage in a street brawl. The complexity of economic processes, which constitutes the *raison d'être* of his science, only serves for him as an illustration to justify the use of the term chaos. The Ford engineers have tidied up in their limited field, but what do they know of the rubber, paint, fabrics and metals which come to them from the general market? Apparently these materials are produced without the slightest reference to the demand for them from the automobile industry or from anywhere else, since "there is no way of keeping a balance among the groups which function in our economy." The remedy lies in the new blessed word, co-ordination. Throughout the book Professor Tugwell uses this term as the antithesis of the competitive regime and in such an arbitrary way that it is not surprising to find such flagrant contradictions as the admission that any social plan would have to include for industry all the functions which are now performed by the independent agencies which have grown up because someone anticipated a profit from doing them. Incidentally, is it not time that economists and economic historians made up their minds about the material achievement of the nineteenth-century industrial organisation, or at least imported some consistency into their verdict? The current

practice is to enlarge at great length on the failure of that system and then to admit, as Professor Tugwell does, that industry supports a larger population, furnishes it more generously with goods, and requires expenditure of less effort than was ever true at any other time or in any other place.

To the task of co-ordination and the operation of the plan encompassing the total of resources Professor Tugwell summons the expert-executive in liaison with the worker. The business man biased by the profit motive in favour of the perpetuation of chaos has disqualified himself, it never occurring to Professor Tugwell that our present difficulties may have largely arisen not because the business man has been allowed to secure profits but because by the kindly intervention of governments he has not been allowed to incur losses. In this country the expert-executive class is already off the mark and the dominant social class will willingly exchange hazardous profits for loot guaranteed under Government schemes, all the more so because the ready obedience of the population to commands not to keep pigs or run lorries after a certain date promises some measure of permanency in the control. With respect to Professor Tugwell's undisciplined nation one views with a certain satisfaction the discomfiture of big business and finance at this stage, although not for reasons which would appeal to Professor Tugwell, but one ventures the prophecy that if and when the blue eagles have done their work in tiding over the crisis the old gang will come back with a rush. Of the generosity of Professor Tugwell's outlook there is no question: here, as a cynical observer remarked at a recent international reception, is enough good will to wreck the world. G. L. SCHWARTZ

WESLEY AS A REFORMER

John Wesley and the Eighteenth Century. By MALDWYN EDWARDS. *Allen and Unwin.* 6s.

Any very strongly held belief must, fundamentally, make the holder of it intolerant; even the man for whom tolerance itself is the chief article of faith must be intolerant of the intolerant. This is particularly true of those half-unconscious beliefs acquired during childhood, and, as Mr. Maldwyn Edwards says, in upbringing, fathers and not grandfathers count. That is why, although on both his mother's and his father's side there were interesting links with dissent, John Wesley, like his parents, was a staunch Tory in his attitude to the State, and, for a great part of his life, to the Church also. Mr. Edwards very properly emphasises this Toryism, but does not seem very clear in his definition of its limits. His book claims to be a study of Wesley's social and political influence; but while Wesley always remained a Tory in politics, in social matters he was the reverse.

Wesley, it is true, continually praised liberty; but then he held that "there is most liberty in a limited monarchy, less under an Aristocracy, and least under a Democracy." Mr. Edwards points out that logically Wesley should have added that the greatest liberty is under a despot (an admission he refused to make), and also says with justice that "Wesley was too good a Tory in the government of his own Society not to be so in the government of his country." Wesley's basic Toryism was made manifest both in his attitude to the War of American Independence, when, after being sympathetic to the position of the Colonists, he felt unable to oppose the Government once war had been declared, and in his opposition to Roman Catholic relief. It is interesting to note that his opponents did not hesitate to point out that no Pope could exercise more unlimited authority than did Wesley over his own followers, and it was partly his insistence on authority that led many people to make the rather comic mistake of suspecting him of Romanism.

Socially, John Wesley's influence lay in a very different direction. His life-long crusade in the cause of the poor was bound to have effects which he did not foresee and which, politically, he would have deplored. It is easy, and sometimes salutary, to mock at "good works," but it is difficult to resist the conclusion that if Wesley were alive to-day he might by now have stirred the public conscience to a realisation of the evils of unemployment far more effectively than our politicians have been able to do. Wesley, too, was a pioneer in the movement to abolish slavery, and he fought wholeheartedly against bribery and corruption in politics, against the Press Gang, and against "wrecking" and smuggling. Efforts at humanitarian reform are often sneered at to-day as having some ulterior motive; but Wesley's motives were disinterested, and that fact almost excuses an educational theory which countenanced a school hymn promising the hottest place in hell to boys who call each other "fool."

All this, and more, is fully discussed in Mr. Edwards' informative little book. There are, however, several inconsistencies: on one page he declares that the theory that the religious enthusiasm of the Methodist revival prevented a revolution in England is fallacious, and a few pages later he is advancing the argument that Wesley influenced most powerfully those who would have been most dangerous if disaffected. It is a pity, too, that he does not elaborate the theory that the Methodist revival in religion was part of the reaction which caused the Romantic revival in literature. Nevertheless, his book is a useful supplement to volumes (such as Mr. James Laver's brief biography last year) which deal almost exclusively with Wesley's personal and religious development. BRIAN ROBERTS

THE DRAMA OF THE MEDIAEVAL CHURCH

The Drama of the Medieval Church. By KARL YOUNG. *Oxford University Press.* Two Vols. 63s.

This is the most important book written in English on the mediaeval drama since the publication in 1903, by the same Press, of Chambers' great work, *The Medieval Stage*, and it is only another testimony to the debt which mediaeval studies owe to American scholarship. Those who have followed the series of articles and studies which Professor Young has devoted to the subject during the last twenty years will not be disappointed in the two volumes, which represent the fruition of his life work. The essential purpose of the present treatise, in his own words, "is to assemble in their authentic forms the dramatic compositions which were employed by the medieval Church in Western Europe as a part of public worship and which are commonly regarded as the origins of modern drama." The book is at once a *corpus* of these plays, an exposition of their origins and relation to the liturgy of the Church, and an appraisal of their literary and dramatic value. It is a great work of scholarship, which could not possibly have been better done.

Beginning with an admirably clear explanation of the Roman liturgical system (essential to an understanding of his subject), Professor Young proceeds to consider the dramatic elements which are inherent in the liturgy and in such literary embellishments of it as tropes and sequences. He then passes on to a consideration of the plays themselves, which he arranges for convenience in three groups, plays associated with the Resurrection and Passion, plays associated with the Nativity, and plays upon other subjects from the Bible and from sacred legend. His method is descriptive; he introduces the plays (all newly edited and some never before printed) into the body of his narrative, the originals and the commentary being thus intermingled, and arranges the several versions of each play in the logical order of development from the simplest to the most complex form. It was a task well worth the labour of twenty years, for, as Professor Young points out, "the drama of the medieval Church presents to the historian a unique opportunity for isolating a literary form and observing its development from almost inarticulate origins, through centuries of earnest experiment, into firmly conceived results." Moreover, the drama of the Church is the parent of all mediaeval drama, and it was only in the later Middle Ages that it broke loose and pursued an independent existence under secular auspices. Even then the themes of the miracle and mystery plays were still in the main the themes made familiar by the Church.

How did plays arise, in the shadow of those dark ages into which we peer so blindly, in spite of the "little glooming light most like a shade" which modern scholars are beginning to throw upon them? Not out of the dramatic traditions inherited from Rome, the dwindling legacy of pagan drama, Seneca, Terence, the mimes. Not directly or primarily, either, from the ceremonies regularly used in Christian worship, for Professor Young takes his stand firmly against the symbolists who would interpret the Mass itself as the most superb of dramas. The essence of drama, as he rightly argues, is impersonation, and the Mass gives no opportunity for such interpretation, being itself regarded as a sacrifice in which the central act is designed not to represent but to repeat the Crucifixion. Even such ceremonies as the Burial of the Cross and Host and the Harrowing of Hell contain, for the same reason, no genuinely dramatic elements. The effectual beginnings of

mediaeval liturgical drama are to be found rather in certain deliberate literary additions to the authorised liturgical text, those embellishments which are known as tropes, or in their more elaborate form as proses and sequences, and which first appeared at the time of the Carolingian Renaissance. The earliest dramatic germ, from which was developed the plays of Easter, was a brief dialogue inspired by the Gospel narrative of the Resurrection, the *quem quaeritis* in which the Maries and the Angels converse together at the tomb. This three line dialogue was gradually extended by liturgical pieces from the choir books, passages from the Bible, and verses composed imaginatively, until at last it became detached from its position as a trope attached to the introit of the Mass of Easter and found a lodging place at the close of Matins. The way was open for an indefinite elaboration of scenes and personages, culminating in true dramas such as the four *Ludi Paschalis*, which hail from Origny-Sainte-Benoîte, Klosterneuburg, Benediktbeuern and Tours, or in the more ambitious of the great Epiphany plays. Most of the longer plays were clearly composed quite independently and attached to the liturgy as appendages, though others (such as the Epiphany play from Besançon) remained little more than dramatisations of an established liturgical ceremony and an essential part of public worship. Of the authors of the plays we know little, beyond the fact that they were all clerics. Only one has left his name attached to his work, the wandering scholar Hilarius, Abelard's pupil, whose three plays are distinguished by their peculiar freshness and animation. Two important collections have survived, one in the famous manuscript *Carmina Burana*, belonging to the Bavarian monastery of Benediktbeuern, and the other belonging to the monastery of St.-Benoît-sur-Loire at Fleury; these contain six and ten plays respectively. Others are found in versions from all over Western Europe, mostly from France and Germany.

The intrinsic charm of these little Latin plays and their importance in the history of the drama are difficult to convey without quotation. Professor Young's arrangement brings out very clearly their progressive development in dramatic action and in characterisation. New scenes make their appearance, the purchase of ointment by the Maries on their way to the Sepulchre, the meeting of the Shepherds and the Magi (" a charming invention "), the discussion between the Magi and Herod. New characters also appear, the midwives who converse with the Shepherds at the manger, the Apothecary who sells ointment to the Maries, and the son of Herod. The character of Herod develops, from play to play, until from a perfectly colourless figure he becomes the violent, angry, bombastic potentate familiar in the secular drama of the later Middle Ages. But there is a difference, for the angry Herod never becomes, as in that drama, a comic figure. The reverent purpose and sacred scene of the plays prevented such a development; they advance to the very edge of comedy but they never overstep the boundary. The comic realism of Noah's wife or of the shepherds in the Wakefield Nativity play would have defeated the purpose of ecclesiastical drama. Even Balaam's ass, with his wagging ears, is apparently treated with complete solemnity. It was the need for a larger freedom which in the end caused the drama to break loose from the restraints of the Church and of the Latin tongue, and until it thus escaped it could not reach full development as a literary form. But while it gained in dramatic power and in popular appeal it must have lost something (from a producer's point of view) in impressiveness. No moving platform trundled round the town could match the *mise en scène* of the Church's drama, with the great pillars and vaulted roof spread over the heads of actors and audience, the lights on the altar veiled or ablaze, the brilliant vestments of the clerics playing the Magi or Herod's entourage as they made their way along the aisles to take up their station, the magnificent singing and above all the touching simplicity of the scenes enacted, with all their associations focused by time and place in the minds of both actors and beholders.

Enough has perhaps been said to show the importance of Professor Young's work. Innumerable points of interest will occur to the reader in perusing it. The occasional use of the vernacular in the course of some of the plays is suggestive. A possible explanation of the fact that it is most widely employed in the *Ludus Paschalis* from the nunnery of Origny-Sainte-Benoîte (famed in *chanson de geste*), may be found in the increasing ignorance of Latin among nunneries, and this is borne out by the fact that all the rubrics (or stage directions, as we should call them) are in French. Another interesting question is the relation between the increasing dramatic elaboration of certain themes in the plays and the contemporary advance of pulpit oratory. A comparison with the sermons recently studied by Mr. Owst in his work on English mediaeval preaching would open an illuminating line of inquiry; Professor Young himself suggests this without pursuing it (p. 539). It remains only to add that the book is provided with a learned critical apparatus of notes and bibliography and illustrated with twenty-four beautifully produced plates.

EILEEN POWER

THE TRADE IN ARMS

The Bloody Traffic. By A. FENNER BROCKWAY. *Gollancz.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Since there are some things that cannot be said too often we are grateful to Mr. Brockway for a lively and popular re-statement of the case against the traffic in arms. The author begins with a frank acknowledgment of his debt to Lehman Russbüldt's *War for Profits*, Mr. Seymour Waldman's *Death and Profits*, and, above all, to that remarkable sixpenny pamphlet, *The Secret International*. To this last his debt is indeed considerable: two chapters are, as he says, almost wholly taken from it, and many passages are directly reminiscent. The book even begins, as *The Secret International* began, with a list of the charges made against firms before a League of Nations Committee in 1921. However, there is interesting new material from recent revelations in America, while the facts in the chapter on the " Poison Gas International " and details about the way in which the allied countries supplied their enemies with the guns which were afterwards used against them, and the way in which Germany supplied war material to the Allies themselves *during the war*, will be news, horrifying news, perhaps, to many people. Indeed, the whole subject is horrifying, and Mr. Brockway does not overstate his case. Can it be overstated? What can we say of a world in which the nations solemnly agree to disarm and not to fight, and meet together at Geneva with the ostensible object of putting a stop to wars that are in progress, while all the time they are actually increasing their own armaments and, in order to keep the plants in their own countries at a high-capacity level in preparation for the next war, actually encouraging armament firms to export munitions to the belligerent countries with which they are supposed to be mediating, and to countries against which they are likely to be fighting in the near future?

THE ECONOMIC WORLD AS IT IS

Economics of a Changing World. By H. V. HODSON. *Faber and Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Economic Society. By VICTOR COHEN. *Heinemann.* 5*s.*

The insistent demand of the public to be told what on earth is the matter with the economic machine continues to call forth a supply of explanations ranging from the most severely technical to the veriest first aid for the feeble-minded. Here are two more which, while avoiding the rarefied atmosphere in which three-dimensional curves and isopods flourish for the delight of the expert, assume in their readers both a certain willingness to concentrate on knotty problems and—since space is limited—the ability to remember and apply the first principles discussed in their earlier chapters without being reminded of them at each step of the ensuing relatively advanced arguments.

Mr. Hodson has undertaken by far the more ambitious task and must be congratulated on his success. Impatient of the unreality of static economics when considered as an analysis of our present discontents, he has attempted, after a short but extremely competent statement of elementary theory, to give a comprehensible account of the dynamic forces whose workings and aberrations make up the salient features of the contemporary economic picture. The element of flux is his chief concern; not the mere constant flow of minor readjustments, the shifting of labour from one industry to another, the rise and fall of individual firms, the tendency, in a word, towards equilibrium within a system whose main lines are assumed unchanged, but the major movements arising under the pressure of the great political changes of the last twenty years. The effects of the war and the post-war boom and slump, the rise of economic nationalism, reparations and war debts, the crisis in international finance, are discussed in the terms of economic analysis and as factors of a problem in economic theory. Mr. Hodson, in fact, builds a bridge across the gap

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DESMOND MACCARTHY in the *Sunday Times*

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between the main body of economics and the criticial study of current events. This is "institutional" economics perhaps, but logical and consistent enough to satisfy, one would think, even the most vehement champions of pure abstraction.

Some detailed criticisms are inevitable. Mr. Hodson's opening chapters are admirably terse and it is impossible to quarrel with his general statement of orthodox elementary theory, while his apologia for economists in general, and his own book in particular, is the best (and the most disarming) the present reader has ever seen. But why, where space is so evidently a consideration, waste it on refuting the long-exploded theory of "consumer's rent"—which is incidentally treated with far less than the author's usual effectiveness? It is also arguable that Mr. Hodson goes too far in his dislike of abstractions. Diagrams can, it is true, be much abused, but many students find them invaluable; they are not vouchsafed a single one here. In his chapter on the theory of international trade, too, he insists on tackling the analysis of the "barter terms of trade" in a whole range of commodities simultaneously, thereby making things much harder for himself and his readers, simply because, in his opinion, "it is not only boring, it is intellectually muddling, when one asks a question about the rate of exchange between dollars and marks, to be invited to suppose that one country produces only cotton and the other only safety pins." Most students who remember learning their foreign trade theory will probably agree that these artificial simplifications, however exasperating, are ultimately helpful. And one could quote other instances.

This extreme compression, and some omissions, in the earlier part of the book has some effect in detracting from the value of the later chapters. Mr. Hodson's preference for concrete statements is at once his strength and his weakness. It makes him, most of the time, an admirable adaptor of abstruse analysis to the explanation of current difficulties; it also makes him, occasionally, an unreliable guide for the reader unable to supplement from past reading the background of elementary theory given here. Because he has failed to emphasise the role of the interest rate in apportioning the resources of the community between more and less deferred uses (it is implicit in his statement, but the point is never hammered home), he is handicapped when he comes to deal with the enormously difficult question of the effect of fluctuations in the savings-investment ratio on the structure of production, and is led, moreover, to identify "neutrality" in the monetary system with price stability—which, in this dynamic economic world, is not the same thing at all. But this is only to say that *Economics of a Changing World* must, like most other economic works, be read with a cautious and critical eye and not taken as Holy Writ. One only wishes that a tenth of the popular books written on the subject were equally reliable, let alone equally stimulating.

Mr. Victor Cohen is handicapped by a style which is both pedestrian and jerky, and lacks entirely Mr. Hodson's remarkable knack for happy illustration. He covers the conventional ground in a conventional manner, quite unadventurously, but more thoroughly than the usual elementary text-book, and with conscientious attention to the historical development of theory. This will make *Economic Society* more valuable from the point of view of the examination student; others may reasonably protest at a presentation of the analysis of value which drags them wearily through the quagmire of the labour theory and over the Pons Asinorum of consumers' surplus (where the author himself trips up) before coming to the discussion of accepted equilibrium theory. But this is a point on which pedagogues never seem able to agree. Otherwise, the arrangement is good, the statement clear, the balance sensibly held between pure theory on the one hand and descriptive matter on the other. There are useful chapter summaries at the end of the book, and neither the School Leaving Examination, nor, indeed, several of the more advanced tests, should have any terrors for the student who has succeeded in demolishing Mr. Cohen's sample list of questions on each of his topics. The bibliography is weak; there is no classification according to subject matter, and Mr. Cohen really underestimates his own ability if he thinks that conscientious readers of *Economic Society* have anything much to gain from ploughing through the list of elementary manuals given here.

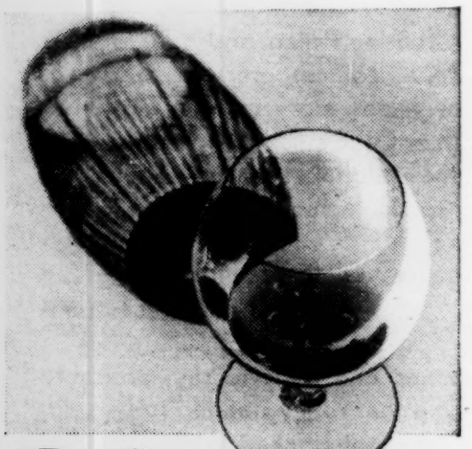
INDIA FROM VARIOUS ANGLES

India Analysed. VOL. I. INTERNATIONAL. *Gollancz.* 5s.

The Key to Freedom and Security in India. By an INDIAN STUDENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE. *Oxford University Press.* 6s.

The joint editors of *India Analysed*, Mr. Bedi and Miss Freda Hounston, propose "to give in four volumes a picture of present-day India." This, the first, volume discusses the International aspect of India, and the five contributors to this discussion, Professor Zimmern, Professor Manning, of the London School of Economics, Mr. Wilfred Jenks, of the I.L.O., Dr. Lanka Sundaram and Professor Berriedale Keith, have approached the subject from very different angles. The result is a provocative and interesting book.

Mr. Zimmern, in a persuasive essay, emphasises that "India is the pivot of world politics in the coming generation," and that "the prospects for world peace and general human progress" depend upon the place India is allotted in the British Commonwealth. Mr. Manning, discussing the present disabilities of India as a member of the League, says that "on some matters, but only on some, the British and Indian Governments are two minds with but a single thought, and that thought ultimately British. On such matters it may be said that, if an Indian delegate speaks, the voice is the voice of India, but the views are the views of London." But where he attempts to prove that India's membership of the League has not been wholly in vain, as for example in the matter of opium restriction, his statement is in favour of the Indian Government. He says, the "figure given as representing the fiscal sacrifice involved in her (India's) reduction of opium exports is as high as seventy-two million pounds, covering a period of eighteen years." Actually, in spite of the League's demand that India's "manufacture of opium be limited to a definite quota of the world's scientific and medical requirements," the opium monopoly still remains one of the biggest sources of Excise Revenue. The Opium Department's 1929 Report (the latest figures available to this reviewer) states, "The net profit of the manufacturing operations of the department for the period under review amounted to Rs.198,79,248 as compared with Rs.169,67,833 for the preceding eleven months." And the Report adds, "most of the profits were as in the previous year from the sale of provision opium." So that this particular sacrifice in Indian revenue is one over which we can save our tears.



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MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

The observations of "An Indian Student of Political Science" are those of a mature mind, matured obviously in the comparatively mellow climate of England, and in contact with mellow English minds. His is a reasoned, restrained examination of the factors necessary to make the masses of India intelligent participants in the "coming democracy," and a plea, sincere and patriotic, in spite of an occasional academic flavour, for "training the masses of the people to freedom and responsibility side by side with the introduction of 'provincial autonomy' and 'responsibility at the centre.'" With the appendixes containing a readable summary of the numerous reports on India recently published the book has a permanent value.

SHORTER NOTICES

Souvenirs of France. By RUDYARD KIPLING. *Macmillan.* 2s. 6d.

Mr. Kipling's memories of schoolboy visits to Paris with his father in the late 'seventies are delightful, but all too brief. While his easy-going father was busy at the great Exhibition the youngster was left to his own devices. He discovered Quasimodo's Notre Dame for himself and the Left Bank. The book-boxes of the Quai Voltaire were at the time filled with savage prints and lithographs of the Franco-Prussian war. For five centimes, at that tender age, the poet even "looked through the eyes of Liberty Herself." The head of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, afterwards presented to America, was on exhibition. One ascended by a staircase to the dome of the giant skull and looked out through the empty eye-spaces upon the bright-coloured stalls below. On one occasion Mr. Kipling's father suggested that he should look at an Algerian exhibit of educational appliances—copy-books filled with classical French sentences, and simple sums perpetrated by young Algerians. But even a schoolboy of genius cannot be expected to take interest in specimens from schoolrooms. It was not until the autumn of 1915 that Mr. Kipling remembered those little Algerian copy-books which he had passed by in the folly of childhood. Those scraps of paper had been transformed into multitudes of trains filled with Algerians, Senegalese and Moroccan troops, all on their way to kill the ugly Boche. The skilful linking of these episodes shows how cleverly Mr. Kipling has used his art to inculcate his moral. His book is not so much a tribute to the thrifty, hard-working France which he loves, as an indirect criticism of British blundering and muddle-headed good-nature. The little winning glimpses of childhood are but the sugar-coating on the powerful purgative bolus which Mr. Kipling administers to his country. But Mr. Kipling does not rely entirely upon satiric implication. The stupidity of our times drives him to plainer speaking. A primrose may be more than a primrose to the inspired, but a Boche can only be a Boche. The public eye and ear have been stolen by "défaitists, intellectualists, Socialists, Communists, women enfranchised, and those whom four years of repressed and contagious fear had tried too severely." The fact that an increasing number of ordinary people are sickened by the idea of wholesale slaughter, hatred and universal suspicion has no significance for Mr. Kipling, to whom bugles, bright bits of cloth and cavalry charges are everything. The moralists tell us that we become that which we hate. It is at least certain that the adherents of junkerism, in new or old guise, could have no cause to disagree with Mr. Kipling's glorification of the war-spirit.

Introductory Sociology. By CHARLES H. COOLEY, R. C. ANGELL, and L. J. CARR. *Scribner.* 15s.

This is an attempt, by two of his junior colleagues, to present the essentials of the teaching of the late Professor Cooley in a form that is intelligible to the beginner. Cooley belonged to the Neo-Positivist school, holding that the road to the study of individual psychology lay through the study of society, not vice versa. He substantiated his thesis that the individual is a product of the group by defining certain Primary Groups, universally present in human society, which could be regarded as the source of those common qualities in man which constitute human nature. This attitude is well fitted to clear the mind of the beginner of the false antithesis, Man versus Society, which often occupies it. The authors have modified the character of the original, making it less a general study of sociological concepts and methods, and more a survey of contemporary society, particularly in America. The two elements are not very happily blended and the transition, for example, from the concept of Community to the picture of an American city of the Middle West is somewhat abrupt. As an introductory textbook for students it will not supplant the well-known works of Professor McIver.

Master of the Armada: The Life and Reign of Philip II of Spain. By JEAN H. MARIÉJOL. Translated from the French by WARRE B. WELLS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18s.

Neither the title nor the sub-title quite explains this monograph, which is far more historical than biographical. It is true that M. Mariéjol allows us from time to time to see Philip the man, but in the main he is concerned with Philip the secular and religious politician, devoting his life, with unquestionable disinterestedness, to the attempted enforcement of archaic policies and dogma upon a Christendom fermenting with new ideas and a new learning. Like most historians of the particular period M. Mariéjol is continually carried away by the sweep of his narrative. Indeed, the tumultuous activity of the Emperor Charles and his immense possessions fill so great a canvas so greatly that the instability of his greatness is obscured. Was the Hapsburg Empire ever more "ramshackle" than at this particular period? That is the question that springs to the mind as one reads the concentrated story of the Empire with which this book opens. Again, when he surveys the Power of Spain under Philip with the new world in fee and the old, as he seemed to believe, at his mercy, M. Mariéjol shivers at the peril to France and England. And again one wonders whether the peril was ever as great as minds susceptible to the appeal of the colossal have supposed. It is only fair to say that M. Mariéjol, despite the bravura of his descriptive passages, has moments of cool comment in which megalomania is discounted, and we see Charles and Philip, their dreams and their realities, very clearly indeed. One of the most interesting chapters of an interesting book is that in which M. Mariéjol deals with the Spanish literature and art during the reign of Philip. Here was something greater than Philip, and something with which he and all he stood for had little to do.

Indo-European Folk-Tales and Greek Legend. By W. R. HALLIDAY. *Cambridge University Press.* 7s. 6d.

Founded upon lectures delivered on the Gray foundation in 1932, this little volume is full of shrewd argument with regard to the diffusion of folk-lore and the nature of myths, fairy-tales and legends. Folk memory, Dr. Halliday contends, is short and faulty, and he draws the inference that consequently the evidential value of legend is slight, though he modifies this assumption when he deals with legend as embodied in such an epic as the Iliad. On the other hand he is evidently disinclined to believe that legends of the Amazons are likely to have any basis in fact. A strong diffusionist, he is a little cavalier in his treatment of the world-wide parallelism assumed by Tylor and Sir James Frazer to account for the similarity of folk-tales; yet he is strangely emphatic in his assurance that the similarity of early Italic augury and that practised by the natives of Borneo must be due to a coincidence, though here, if ever, we have a practice unlikely to have been invented more than once. He is also reluctant to see in folk-tales traces of long-forgotten ancestral customs. In fact, like the mathematician who, giving the toast of "Pure Mathematics," added "and may it never be the slightest use to anyone," Dr. Halliday would far rather see in folk-tales the beginnings of imaginative fiction than the fossil remains of man's immemorial past; and, it may be added, he is most persuasive when he is most literary, as in the chapters on Greek legends and tales and fables with which he concludes a delightful if provocative book.

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EARLY AUTUMN BOOKS

Though publishing "seasons" are not so defined as they were, the autumn season may be said to have started this week with the publication of Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Shape of Things to Come* (Hutchinson). In volume, at any rate, this is one of his weightier prophecies, for it runs to well over 400 large pages. Other publications this week are Miss Vera Brittain's *Testament of Youth*, Mr. Sisley Huddleston's *War Unless . . .* and *Problems of a Socialist Government*, by Sir Stafford Cripps and others, Lenin by Ralph Fox, all from Gollancz. Next week there is a glut of books. The first volume of Mr. Lloyd George's *War Memoirs* appears on Thursday (Nicholson and Watson); the same firm publish also *The Post-Victorians*, a companion volume to their *Great Victorians* and compiled on similar lines. Other books of interest are:

THE LIFE OF HENRY DUNDAS. By Cyril Matheson. *Constable.*
THE NEW SURVEY OF LONDON LIFE AND LABOUR. Vol. V. *P. S. King.*
THE CONWAY. By John Masefield.
A MODERN PRELUDE. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. *Cape.*
VICTORIA AND ALBERT (Plays). By Laurence Housman. *Cape.*
GOG MAGOG. By G. W. Stonier. *Dent.*
HENRI GAUDIER BRZESKA. By Horace Brodzky. *Faber and Faber.*

And the following novels and stories:

THE NEW COMMANDMENT. By Pantaleimon Romanov. *Benn.*
THE CHILD OF QUEEN VICTORIA (Stories). By William Plomer. *Cape.*
THE SNOWS OF HELICON. By H. M. Tomlinson. *Heinemann.*
VANESSA. By Hugh Walpole. *Macmillan.*
THE RASH ACT. By Ford Madox Ford. *Cape.*

About Motoring

TESTS FOR PEDESTRIANS?

A RECENT treatise on psychology makes the provocative assertion that in view of the mortality from street accidents, tests for pedestrians should be instituted forthwith. The suggestion shows how science can bemuse a man's practical instincts; for if it must be admitted that many walkers are quite unfit to be set at large in any great city, what nation can face the colossal task of testing (as in our own case) 40,000,000 pedestrians? And if 10,000,000 (at least) proved hopelessly unroadworthy, as would certainly be the case, what is to be done with the rejects? Are they to be prohibited in perpetuity from the use of their feet except within four walls? Or are they to be trained in efficient walking, and if so, at whose expense? The philosopher who cut a large hole for the cat in his study door and a small hole for the kitten was a practical genius by comparison with the two learned psychologists who passed this ridiculous suggestion in proof.

Hopelessly impracticable as the suggestion unquestionably is, it may be welcomed for its novel emphasis on an aspect of road dangers which is usually ignored. One of the best drivers of my acquaintance, an elderly man who has motored since the days of the Bollée and has never had an accident, avers that if the average motorist were not far more intelligent than the average pedestrian, the genus of pedestrians would now be all but extinct. If any jaundiced critic at the table challenges his statement, he compels his critic to accompany him on a drive. The critic is armed with pad and pencil, and instructed to keep a record of the incidents in which the motorist's vigilance nullifies the recklessness of what our Americans call "jay-walkers." Critics always return from these educational trips as converts of the preacher. Psychologically, walking at the age of eighteen months or so is a colossal mental effort, demanding intense intellectual concentration. After a year or two of practice in the safety of the home walking becomes a subconscious exercise, normally requiring no mental effort whatsoever. From that stage it ceases to be interesting. Life compels us to keep on walking, and we decorate its monotony by one or two expedients. Some of us automatically relapse into reverie when we walk alone, suspending all our vigilances. Some of us diversify the tedium and toil of walking by observation, darting our eyes hither and thither for sights that interest us—such types never develop into jay-walkers, for we keep our eyes skinned, and are never shaved or forced to jump away from passing vehicles. Some of us prefer to walk in company, and concentrate our attention on the companion of the moment. The first and last types blossom into dangerous pedestrians. If either type frequents city traffic as a habit, and the initial blunders fail to kill, a self-protective vigilance may be developed. But in some cases the first serious blunder spells a coffin; and if either type becomes a habitual dreamer through long residence in quiet places, death in a city is a very probable termination. About half of the road accidents result in the death of a pedestrian; and more than a third of the people annually injured on the roads are pedestrians. These figures are significant. They afford data for no sure dogmas of responsibility. The death-rate for pedestrians is high, because a pedestrian weighs so little by comparison with a vehicle, and because his body is tender, whereas a vehicle is hard. When the question of responsibility is discussed, let the reader or speaker recall how often within the last month or week he has narrowly escaped contact with some vehicle because he was dreaming afoot, or because he was concentrating on his companions instead of keeping his wits alert for danger.

Honest people will thus admit that the pedestrian is very largely to blame for the holocaust which annually overwhelms him. This is unquestionable. Nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of every thousand wish to own cars. The purchase of a car is a matter of money. Money is made in proportion to the keenness of our wits. The keen-witted sections of the community own cars. The slower-witted sections do not own cars. Therefore the keen wits hold the steering wheels, and the slower wits travel afoot. But the obvious deduction from these facts is that the motorists, owning the keener wits, must undertake every possible responsibility for the duller folk who walk. It is not possible for obvious practical reasons to limit pedestrianship to people selected by scientific tests, as our cited authors propose. But three protective measures are possible, neither of which is being applied with any real energy. The first is to safeguard the dreamer and the talker by providing all roads with a sidewalk on which the solitary pedestrian may safely indulge in reveries, and the happy couple may gaze into each other's eyes with no risk of being rammed from astern. Many quondam rural lanes have lately been expanded into 18ft. or 24ft. tarred motorways by the brutal expedient of absorbing the footpath, and using the entire width from hedge to hedge for the car-way. This is callous, cruel and destructive. The country needs a short simple Act empowering local authorities to commandeer an additional strip of width, wherever the absence of permanent buildings permits it. No compensation need be paid for so narrow an addition; four feet would suffice, and few landowners would make serious complaint if the road authority undertook the cost of the work and of the new fence. Secondly, children should be trained at the impressionable age

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This book is a functional study of the structural changes that are taking place in the economic world to-day. It therefore describes these changes from the points of view which characterise an economic system. It shows that from every aspect the capitalistic system of the nineteenth century is being fundamentally transformed.

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Edited by KARL WALTER of the Horace Plunkett Foundation. 8s. 6d.

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The Industries of Greater London.

By D. H. SMITH, Ph.D., with a Foreword by SIR RAYMOND UNWIN. *Map and Charts.* 10s.

The author has spent four years in collecting direct evidence relating to the migration of factories, the nature of the newer industries, the causes influencing the growth of this development of industry in those sectors of Greater London lying between the Lea Valley in the east and the Thames valley from London to Windsor in the south. The book should be of interest to the economist, the industrialist, the social worker and to the lay reader who is interested in the expansion of the greatest metropolis in the world.

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in the principles of safety first. This is done at some elementary schools. But I have just been talking to a man who has already spent over £14,000 on the education of his family, and not one of them has ever received a single lesson in protecting themselves against the chief and least avoidable peril to life in a civilised community. Each of them would automatically be vigilant on a *safari* in Kenya; none of them ever displayed any fear of English roads, but as soon as they emerged from the toddler stage all of them evinced fierce desires to venture among the dangers of the road on fairy cycles, push cycles, motor cycles, and—eventually—small cars! Finally, any sane observer who spends ten minutes watching the Strand crossings must realise that we have not even begun to visualise any system of traffic control which concentrates on protecting city pedestrians from their own idiocies.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 36.—MENDACIA

I have just been in Mendacia, where a President is elected annually.

"Our present President," the Prime Minister told, me "was elected for the tenth time last year."

"Oh, yes?" said I. "What is the method of election?"

"Why," he said, "two candidates are put up, one from each party in the State. Then a certain number of electors meet—their number increases as the population increases, up to a statutory limit—and decide between the two candidates."

"The electors, I suppose, have one vote each?"

"No, each elector has as many votes as there are electors voting for his candidate."

"I see no point in that," said I. "It can't affect the result."

"Quite right. But it makes the majority seem more impressive."

"And how big is the President's majority?"

"Well, curiously enough, it's been the same every time he's stood."

"Then the number of electors has not increased either?"

"Oh, yes, it has. It's got bigger every year. It's now very near indeed to the statutory limit of 275."

How many electors voted for the President in 1923?

DRAMA!

Can he go through with it? He lifts the blade and gingerly tests its edge. It had seemed easy planning days ahead, but his nerve fails him now the time has arrived. He thinks of people who suffer agony all their lives because of the very same thing . . . . He can't! He won't! But no, it is too late now to change his mind. Mentally he squares his shoulders and he turns to pick up the blade which seemed to glitter menacingly in the morning sunlight—he's gone too far now, and can do nothing but go through with it. Footsteps are heard growing nearer, he braces himself for the act, the door opens . . .

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PROBLEM 34.—"OLD CLOTHES DON'T MATTER"

This ingenious cryptogram has presented little difficulty. Each line of windows marked with a cross refers to the corresponding line in the message (the other lines are "dummies"), and the first, second or third letter of each word is taken according to the window marked. This gives:

DONTSIG
NUNTILDEP
OSITPAID
SUSPECT
FRAUD

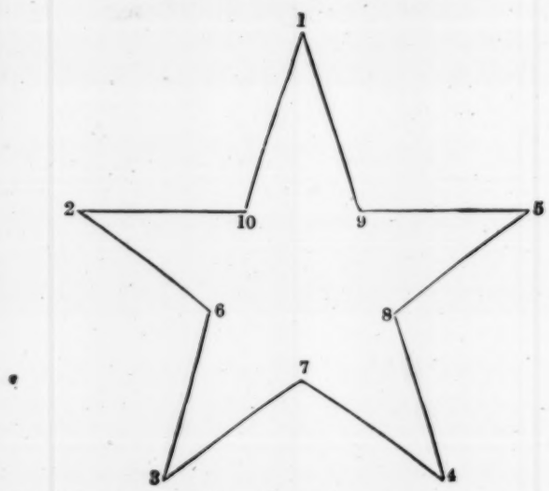
i.e., "DON'T SIGN UNTIL DEPOSIT PAID; SUSPECT FRAUD"

One of Struan Marshall's prettier conceits.

The Plush-Monkegh Cryptogram

The first correct solution opened is that of "Potomac." I congratulate the sender, and fourteen other solvers, on their combined knowledge of Latin, algebra, and the Knight's Tour. Maria "est nata," 27½ years. I will print the solution in a fortnight's time.

PENTACLE—BY TRINCULO



Each numeral stands for a letter, and the letters combine, as shown below, to make seven different words.

[No prize is offered for the solution of this puzzle.]

PENTACLE

POINTS.

1 2 3 4 5	Though with power I'm ringed around But one condition I propound.
6 7 8 9 10	I am—that which here you see. (Not a bull, as all agree).

LINES.

2 10 9 5	I grow. I'm sometimes framed and glazed. My acting, too, was highly praised.
2 6 7 4	Not without stint the artist plies What here, perhaps, assaults the eyes.
1 9 8 4	I sound as though I smell, but no! I'm what things are that have to go.
3 6 10 1	They may be sweet—they may be loud— Obsequious—haughty—meek—or proud.
3 7 8 5	In vain, kind friends, you'd seek disguise The patent fact of my demise.

THE CLUES

FOUR CONUNDRUMS
(Solution)

I. PAL—IMPS—EST.
II. IMP—ET—US.
III. POLESTAR (POLE'S TAR).
IV. PASS—ANT.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM-SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

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